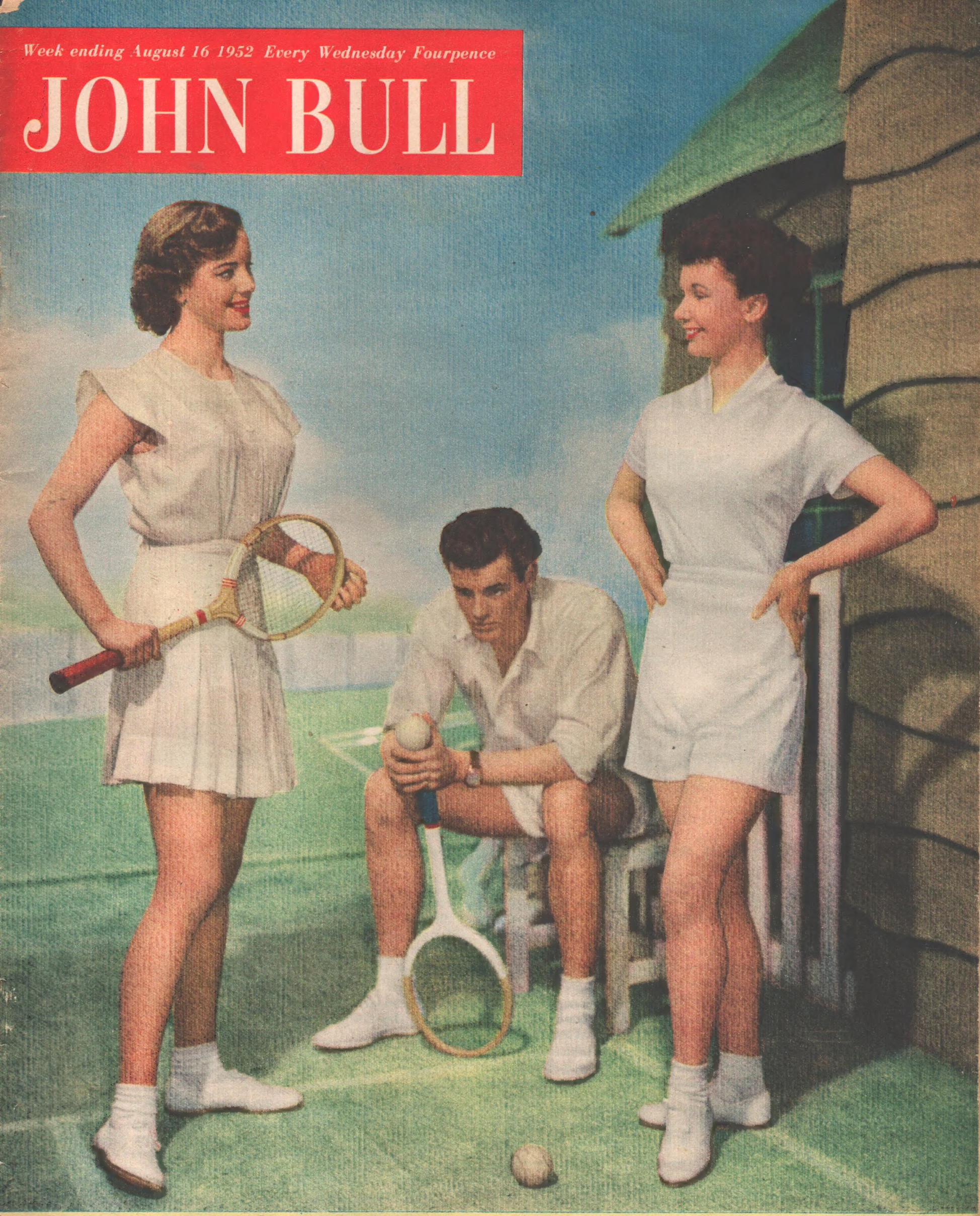
Week ending August 16 1952 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL



STARTING THIS WEEK

ONE OF OUR SUBMARINES

The first story of the Navy's most daring service, by Commander Young

DRY SCALP can make you old before your time

DON'T ignore the first signs of Dry Scalp—dry, lifeless, unmanageable hair, or flecks of dandruff in the parting and on the collar. Even if *you* don't mind this unsightly condition, your wife is probably distressed to see it—and what is more, neglected Dry Scalp *may* lead to more serious hair trouble in the future.

Fortunately, it's quite simple to end Dry Scalp. Massage your scalp with a few drops of 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic for 20 seconds every morning. Work it in gently, moving the whole scalp with your fingers. You'll find it feels better almost immediately, and other people will notice the difference in your appearance; your hair will look neat and well groomed, and will stay tidy all day.

At 2/9d. a bottle, including tax, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic isn't expensive; and the large economy size at 4/3d. contains double the quantity. Get some today; if Dry Scalp is making your hair recede at the temples, or thin on top, quick action can prevent it getting worse.

Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP

* "Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Ltd.

4914

The secret of well-groomed hair

It's very simple—just massage in a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic for 20 seconds every morning, working it in gently so that you move the whole scalp. You'll soon notice a remarkable difference; your hair will look glossy and well groomed, and will stay neatly in place all day.

Prunes and sense

WHEN THE FORMER Radio Doctor, Dr. Charles Hill, announced on behalf of the Food Ministry that a prune-making industry was to get official encouragement, Mr. Nabarro, Kidderminster's M.P., had this to say of the British prune:

> "Although it is not as black, nor as sweet or wrinkled as the Californian prune, it is nevertheless one which possesses all the qualities inherent in a prune."

Dr. Hill replied that he noted the "public tribute to the power of the prune" and that arrangements were being made to give housewives information on the pruning of plums at home.

ALL this high-powered attention to a humble item in the nation's diet had a serious background—this summer's glut in home-grown soft fruits.

"Why do you let imported fruit come in from abroad while our constituents can't sell theirs?" demand the farmer M.P.s again and again in the House of Commons.

Ministers in reply talk aridly of import quotas and the extreme difficulty of organizing sensible marketing schemes.

Meanwhile, the housewife grumbles as she pays out one-and-sixpence a pound at the height of the season for home-grown fruit which ought to cost sixpence.

What a mess it all is! And what a waste!

OUT in the countryside there is rich fresh fruit for all—but much of it stays out in the countryside.

In Kent, Norfolk, Hereford and other areas the notices have stood at cherry orchard gates—"All you can pick for 6d. a pound!"

Motorists have rolled up, and, as the news spread to the nearest towns, people have walked and cycled and driven in hordes to help strip the heavy-laden trees.

It was a good speculation for the farmers, because the labour of picking fruit is the biggest part of their annual harvest cost.

But it is, after all, only a minority of people who can get into the country to pick fruit, and not everyone is physically able to stand on ladders to do it.

So the great bulk of the great crops of 1952 must either be sold through the trade or left to rot where it grew.

But too many wholesalers and retailers seem uninterested in handling a lot of cheap fruit when they can make as much profit on a small quantity of dear fruit.

PLUMS into prunes seems a sensible move—but the real tragedy is that, although a substantial surplus of fruit was certain in this abundant year, much of it *could* have been eaten fresh, with great benefit to everyone in storing up health for the winter.

Fruit farmers could help themselves by being more enterprising—by introducing modern methods to preserve their crops, by advertising, and by getting together to drive better bargains with the wholesalers.

But that is their affair—what matters most is to ensure that the twelve million families in Britain's towns are not deprived of the benefit of plenty of cheap fruit in a bumper year.

THE answer is to cut down the middlemen's profits by organizing marketing schemes which really work.

It *can* be done, even with such perishable goods as soft fruit.

This year the Tomato and Cucumber Marketing Board is working efficiently, keeping prices more reasonable and supplies more regular.

BUT something must be done about those people in the fruit trade who put profit first, last and all the time—who don't seem to care how much fruit rots in the orchards as long as they make money on what little reaches the shops!

Until they are curbed or short-circuited we shall go on wasting fruit—prunes or no prunes. The rich summer of 1952 has given a loud warning.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

IT was Suzanne Lenglen who started it all. Back in the 1920s she became the first woman to "show a leg" on the tennis court. After that, tennis became a fashion parade. Women have gossiped, their male partners have fumed—and *wise* men have turned to men's singles. So says photographer John Dixon, who saw this incident at a tennis club. He reproduced the scene in his West End studio, where he built the set himself.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES & TOBACCO [NCC 784Y]

Enjoy your food without fear of INDIGESTION-just take a couple of MOORLAND

ANTACID INDIGESTION TABLETS

You can eat—and enjoy—your meal when you have a roll of Moorlands handy to ward off indigestion pains. Pleasant to take, they give you quick relief from heartburn, flatulence and over-acidity. Carry some with you always—suck them just like sweets, any time, anywhere.

Sold by Boots the Chemists Timothy Whites & Taylors and all Chemists

1/1d. per packet of 4 rolls (40 tablets)
2/0d. per packet of 8 rolls (80 tablets)

Pleasant to take—
swift to relieve!

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
AUGUST 16, 1952 VOL. 92 NUMBER 2407 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

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STATE EXPRESS
'THREE THREES'
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10 for 1/9½ 20 for 3/7

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Free Speech

Wrong way to run a holiday town

ON HOLIDAY at a well-known seaside resort, I was disappointed over the poor amenities, compared with those provided in previous years. A concert troupe, which had been a permanent feature of the resort for many years, was, alas, no more. The military band had been superseded by a cinema organ (not everybody's cup of tea). And, although the fee for the hire of a deck-chair had been raised from fourpence to sixpence, visitors had to collect their own chairs from the store and return them after use.

No wonder there were at least two hotels empty and for sale, and a restaurant which had been closed down. Do seaside councils who do this sort of thing realize that their "economies" are driving away their holiday trade?—A. W. WEBB, 29 Ronaldstone Road, Sidcup, Kent.

Slap That Cheers

HEARTY congratulations to the mother who was criticized by a shop assistant ("Free Speech," July 26) for slapping her child when it began running up and down in a store. To me, as a shopkeeper, she appears to be one of the few mothers left nowadays who try to teach their children to stand quietly when the occasion demands. I find it impossible to concentrate on coupons, rations and change when somebody's offspring is bouncing about, knocking over show stands. — R. PIDGEON, Shakespeare Cliff, Dover, Kent.

Italy Replies

WHILE I agree with your correspondent ("Free Speech," July 19) that we Italians are more happy-go-lucky than most races, I do not think it very likely that any Italian would willingly give false directions to a foreign traveller and send the poor creature the wrong way, just to give him a little more temporary happiness. It is much more

likely that he was sent the wrong way because his attempts to speak Italian resulted in his being misunderstood by the villagers. — MARISA ROSSI, 32 Lungo L'Africo, Firenze, Italy.

His 'Flying Saucer'

READING in my garden, I became aware of some repeated movement. At first, I could not place it, but then I saw that a small disc, perhaps a third of an inch in diameter, was leaping about by my feet. It was a greenish yellow, almost opaque, not unlike the material of a lighter-fuel container, and, despite its thinness, there was something inside, green and curved. I put it in the tray of a matchbox in the shade and it kept still, but when I moved it into the sun it began to jerk about. At last, I placed it on the earth, where it flicked about violently and turned on its edge. When I looked again it had vanished. The distance and speed of its movements made it quite uncanny, as though the power in it was far beyond what seemed possible for its size. Did I find an embryo "flying saucer" or what?—F. E. CUMMINGS, 37 Park Crescent, Brighton.

Snowdon In Sandals

RONALD CLARKE'S article on Snowdon (JOHN BULL, July 26) interested me very much, as I remember once climbing the mountain wearing a thin dress, cardigan and sandals. I began the ascent at eleven o'clock on a hot day and reached the summit at half past three, kept going only by the promise that we should take the train down. But it was Sunday and there were no trains. In the descent, I ruined my sandals and got soaked in a thunderstorm, spending the last days of my holiday recovering.—MISS R. GOODALL, 17 Catherine Street, Derby.

The Changeable Sex

GUESSING the identity of the celebrities featured in "From My Family Album" has provided me with a lot of interest. I have noticed that, whereas

Valerie Hobson as a child and (below) today

Leslie Henson as a child and (below) today

the baby girls are usually unlike the grown woman, the boys are much more like the grown man. This calls to mind the sayings that men are only boys grown tall and that women are so changeable.—MRS. MARION ROGERS, The New Box, Dorchester.

This week's "From My Family Album" is on page 27.

Burying The Hatchet

ARTHUR BYRNE'S letter, "Unpredictable Wild Life" ("Free Speech," July 26) recalled to me a remarkable story of enemies becoming friends. A young vixen once took a good look at a kennel of Norwich terriers and decided to remain with them. A great friendship sprang up and, in fact, a puppy and the vixen were missing for a day and a night and both returned none the worse for their adventure. For those who don't know, Norwich terriers are small, tough terriers with foxy heads and hard, wiry coats. They enter well to fox or badger, will retrieve, and are devils with rats.—MARJORIE G. BUNTING, Ragus Kennels, Mulbarton, Norwich, Norfolk.

Farms In Danger

YOUR Editorial on the loss of agricultural land (JOHN BULL, July 19) was very welcome. It is only necessary to canvass the farmers around Swindon and Basingstoke, where large encroachments are pending, to know what they think of the safeguards against good farmland being lost to food production. No wonder M.P.s laughed uneasily! In the last fifty years, we have lost 2,000,000 acres of agricultural land for urban expansion. If this continues, by 1975 we shall have 6,000,000 acres of non-agricultural land—equal to the areas of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Durham and Westmorland combined. Money is being lavished on land reclamation. If some of it was given to local authorities for them to bring into use pieces of land which are otherwise too costly to be developed as building sites and are too small to be farmed efficiently, this would be a step in the right direction. —H. G. GRIFFIN, Secretary, Council for the Preservation of Rural England, 4 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

Caller's Dilemma

USING telephone call boxes, I have often been annoyed by people who answer "Hallo" and do not say who they are. They do not realize that they are putting the caller in a dilemma. He cannot be heard until he has pressed button A. But once he has done so, he has lost his money if he has the wrong number.—R. ROWELL, The Laurels, Leazes, Burnopfield, Newcastle upon Tyne.

The Real Far Country

BEING one of those "sheep-like" Australians that Nevil Shute writes about, I am thrilled by his story, *The Far Country*, and can vouch for the authenticity of his background. He has brilliantly captured the vivid atmosphere and the simple, friendly character of the people. Most Australian writers are too much in love with their country to write about it objectively. Shute's writing is a refreshing change. —MRS. PHYLLIS CREASEY, 23 Gloucester Street, London, S.W.1.

On page 24 is an announcement of the phenomenal publishing success of "The Far Country." This week's instalment begins on page 16.

Gentlemanly Women

RESTARTING work after being disabled in one arm and one leg, I have found people most friendly and considerate, but have noticed that in buses I am more often offered a seat by a woman than by a man. It seems that, nowadays, women are more polite and sympathetic than men. They are not only doing men's jobs and wearing men's clothes, but are also taking over the gentlemanly act of offering their seats on buses.—A. B., Manchester.

Bedroom Revolt

ALTHOUGH my neighbour's home boasts a superb television set, her two boys spend most of their time in their bedroom, listening with rapturous attention to their second-hand portable gramophone. Can it be that the young are beginning to revolt against potted entertainment? Perhaps the era of learning to play the piano and violin is about to return.—J. M., Salford, Lancs.

Drilling For Oil

READING the final instalments of Hammond Innes's great story, *Campbell's Kingdom* (JOHN BULL, May 31-July 19), has further stimulated my interest in an oil rig which has just been erected barely a mile from my home. A survey of the area was made two years ago and local people have since been eagerly awaiting the actual drilling operations.—LEONARD WESTMORE, Rose Cottage, Arreton, near Newport, Isle of Wight.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Ornery ornithologist becomes an early bird

Poor Aunt Gertrude. Once, she knew the habits of countless birds in the bush, but, lately, she's done nothing but grouse. "Cuckoo," I said. "How are our feathered friends?"

"*In sanctuary, as far as I'm concerned,*" *cawed Aunt G.* "*I've lost me enthusiasm for watchin'. When you're constipated like me you don't feel like clickin' a candid camera at a Common Sandpiper. It can do its pipin' in peace.*"

"Your piping," I said, "is obviously at war."

"*Eh?*" *squawked Aunt G.*

"I'm referring," I said, "to the 30-ft. length of piping you have in your inside, which everything you eat has to go through. But all these starchy foods we eat now don't give your intestinal muscles anything to get hold of. With those muscles not working properly, your system gets the bird."

"*What bird?*" *quailed Aunt G.*

"The Red-eyed Crosspatch!" I said. "Genus Colon in Extremis. In other words, you get constipated. I can see that I shall have to introduce you to *bulk*."

"*To* what?" *croaked Aunt G.*

"To wit," I said, "Kellogg's All-Bran. If you have a little for breakfast every day, it'll give those muscles of yours the *bulk* they need, and get you 'regular' in a few days."

"*Oh, for the wings of a dove,*" *cried Aunt G., and flew.*

The next time I saw her, Aunt G. was looking as if she'd just discovered a Dodo. "Well!" I chirruped. "You *are* in fine feather."

"*I'm feelin' marvellous,*" *cooed Aunt G.* "*That All-Bran made me 'regular' in four days. Who told* you *about it?*"

"A little bird," I said.

WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.

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Not only your smile but your dental health is affected by the trimming of your toothbrush. That's why every Halex—nylon or bristle—is "*Rondated*", with the tips specially smoothed and rounded to be kinder to gums, better for the teeth.

Be firm . . . but friendly . . . with a

HALEX *Toothbrush*

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Take the Sun... without the HEADACHES

Thousands every year deny themselves the health-giving properties of summer sun just because they fear headaches. There's no need. 'ASPRO' dispels headache in a few minutes! 'ASPRO' headache relief is TRUE relief—you feel fresh once again with no irritating after-effects . . . no haziness . . . no "slowing-up."

Every Holiday Bag— **should include 'ASPRO'**

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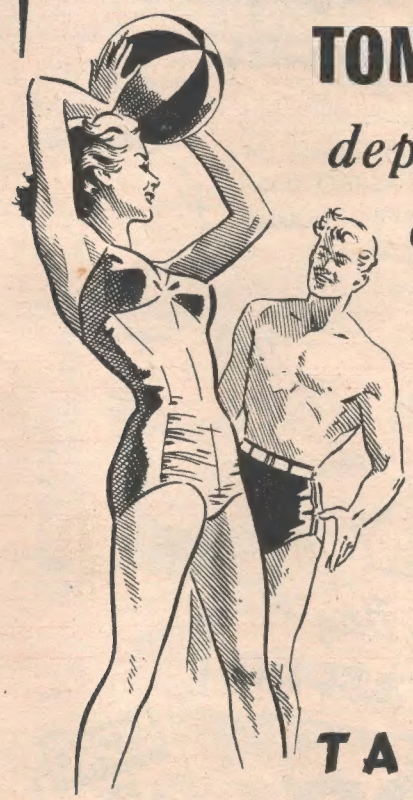
5D. (1 tape) **1/9** (carton) SOLD EVERYWHERE MADE BY ASPRO LIMITED, SLOUGH, BUCKS

JACQUES HEIM

It's Craven 'A' for smooth, *clean* smoking

HOW YOU FEEL TOMORROW *depends a lot on* TODAY...



To be radiant, energetic and free from those minor ailments which take the joy out of living you must avoid constipation. If you want to enjoy regular good health and to be really fit, take Beecham's Pills, the purely vegetable laxative, *tonight*. Then you'll be ready for work or play *tomorrow*.

1/8 & 4/- a box,
or Three Twists for 3½d.

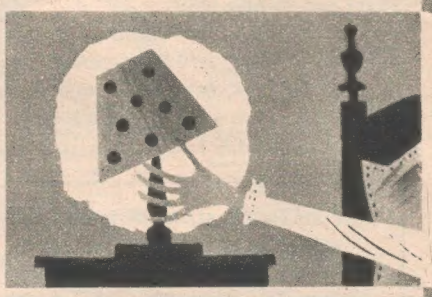
TAKE **Beecham's Pills** TONIGHT

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

• NOW AVAILABLE SMOOTH COATED •

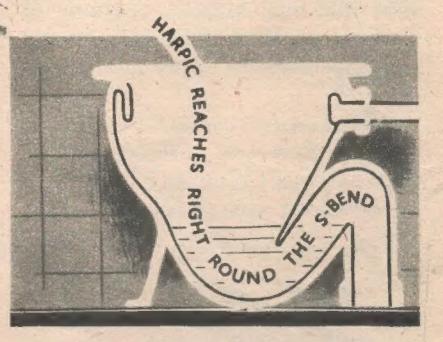
I'm very fussy about the smallest room

I just sprinkle Harpic into the bowl last thing at night. It starts to clean and disinfect right away. It's so easy to use!



I leave it overnight so that germ-killing Harpic can finish its work. Then, first thing the next morning—I flush the bowl.

No brush can reach round the hidden S-bend where disease germs may breed. But Harpic can—because it *deep-cleans*, you see!



Yes—a little Harpic every night
Keeps your lavatory clean and bright!

Many women now use Harpic daily. After all, they argue—the lavatory is used every day!

Harpic REGD. *specially made for the lavatory*

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Reckitt and Colman Ltd., Hull.

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My only comfort!

UNEQUALLED AS AN EFFICIENT AND PAINLESS CORN REMOVER

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Town Hall

"Full astern together," yelled Wingfield from the bridge. But it was too late. With a sickening metallic crash, the trawler struck the submarine

ONE OF OUR SUBMARINES

by Commander EDWARD YOUNG, D.S.O., D.S.C.

John Bull presents the wartime exploits of an "amateur" submarine ace in this first record of the Royal Navy's most daring service

EARLY IN 1940, the Admiralty decided to risk the experiment of introducing officers from the Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve into the submarine service. A request for two volunteers was sent in April to H.M.S. *King Alfred*, the new R.N.V.R. training establishment at Hove, where an officer under training was found who had had experience as an amateur diver.

This officer immediately accepted the astonishing opportunity and, warned to secrecy, was asked to find the other volunteer. He approached a close friend of mine who had joined up at the same time as myself, and the same night, in the digs we shared, Harold confided to me his decision to volunteer. I told him he was crazy; submarines were generally considered dangerous and unpleasant, and neither of us had ever seen even the outside of one. At the same time, I was very envious, for the two volunteers were to be promoted into the special higher navigation class due to start then, and I would miss it.

During the break between lectures the next morning, I waylaid the commander in charge of instruction and told him of my earnest desire to join the navigation class. He said that the class was already made up; moreover, I had not completed the regulation three weeks of elementary training. I pressed my case more urgently. At last he regarded me thoughtfully and asked my age. I told him, twenty-six. Was I married? No. Sea experience? Only weekend yachting. He then said: "Come to my office," and I followed him down the corridor with a beating heart and the conviction that my temerity had done

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD OSMOND

EDWARD YOUNG, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.V.(S)R., became in 1940 the first officer in the "wavy navy" to join the submarine service, the most exclusive — and most dangerous—branch of the Royal Navy. Up to then his only sea experience had been weekend yachting. The C.-in-C. Home Fleet, Admiral Sir George Creasy, writes: "Of the gallant band of 'amateur' submarine captains, Edward Young built up a fighting record second to none, and he was, indeed, one of our greatest submarine captains." Young was born in 1913 at Trinidad, British West Indies, but at an early age came to London, where he was educated at Highgate School. Before the war he was production manager for Penguin Books—he designed the famous Penguin trade-mark. After the war he helped to found the firm of Rupert Hart-Davis, which is publishing *One Of Our Submarines* in the autumn. He married in 1945—five days after his return from active service—and has two daughters. He lives in Reigate, Surrey.

the trick. Up to this point it had not entered my head to volunteer for service in submarines. It was therefore with something of a shock that, after being told to shut the door and sit down, I heard the instructor commander asking me whether I would consider doing that very thing. The Admiralty had asked for only two volunteers, he said, but he was prepared to put me forward as a third if I was really keen. "You needn't make up your mind immediately," he said. "Think it over and let me know tomorrow."

"If I agree, does that mean I can do the navigation course?"

"It does."

"In that case, sir, I will give you my answer now. It is yes."

I emerged from the interview with an uneasy stirring in my bowels. I tried to convince myself that I was doing the right, the heroic thing. But in my imagination I saw submarines as dark, cold, damp, oily and cramped, full of intricate machinery. Chances of survival at that time seemed small; death when it came would come coldly, unpleasantly; and the recent loss of *Thetis* on trials in Liverpool Bay was still fresh in everyone's memory. But it was too late to change my mind; I knew that I would never have the courage to retract.

First Trip In A Submarine

At the end of our course at *King Alfred* the three of us were posted to different Hunt-class destroyers based on Scapa Flow, so that we should get a couple of months' above-water naval experience as a background to our coming submarine training. But before we left for the north, at the end of May, an outing in a submarine on a day exercise was arranged for us. Through losing our way we arrived five minutes late at H.M.S. *Dolphin*, the submarine base in Fort Blockhouse, Gosport, and when we hurried across the narrow plank on to the saddle-tanks of the submarine *Otway* the captain was leaning over the side of the bridge, far from pleased at being kept waiting by three sub-lieutenants—and R.N.V.R. at that.

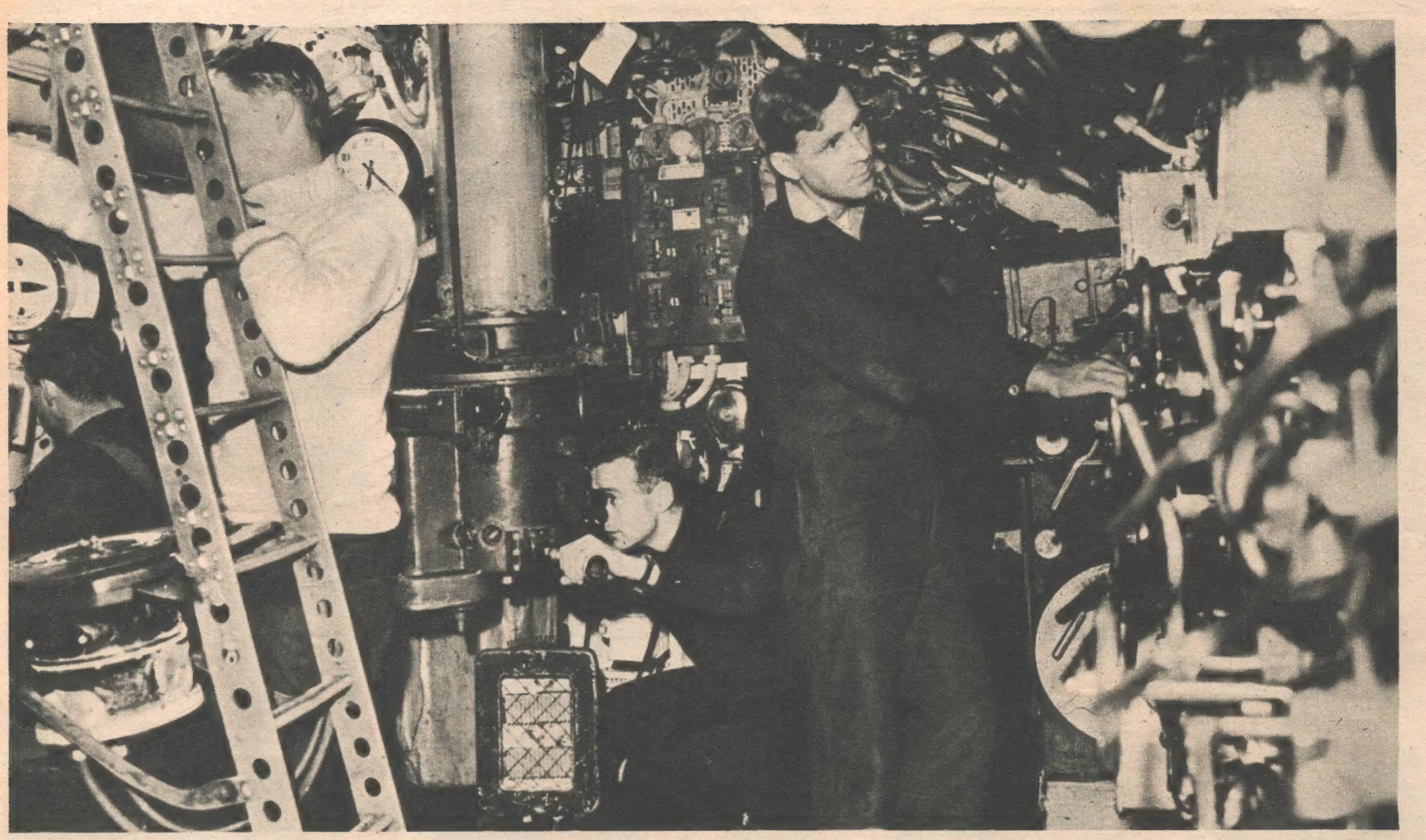
We had gathered a few details about submarines when we were at *King Alfred*. But we were not prepared for the myriad impressions that bewildered us as we were led aft along the passage-way, past the various compartments to the wardroom. First of all, I was astonished at the size of the boat. In most places you could stand up to your full height. You had to duck your head to avoid various overhead obstructions, but in general you could walk about quite easily. The hull was wider than a London tube train.

Another thing that surprised me, strangely enough, was the brightness of the lighting everywhere. And in the messes there were wooden bunks, and wooden cupboards, and curtains, and pin-up girls, and tables with green baize cloths. I had not expected to find so much comfort and cosiness. But alas! what a confusion and complexity of pipes, valves, electric wiring, switches, pressure-gauges, junction-boxes, above our heads and on every side of us! How could anyone so unmechanical as myself hope to master it all?

Every Inch Of Space Used

In the wardroom, a snug compartment about the size of the saloon of a twelve-ton yacht and with every inch of space as cunningly used, we were handed over to a tall, good-looking sub-lieutenant, R.N., who introduced himself as Jewell. He suggested we might like to go up on the bridge while we were leaving harbour. We followed him into the control-room, where our eyes boggled at the appalling concentration of levers, valves, wheels, depth-gauges and other mysterious gadgets, and then found ourselves climbing a vertical brass ladder which led up from the centre of the control-room through a hatch into the conning-tower. Here another vertical ladder took us through the upper hatch and on to the bridge.

Looking down over the bridge, we watched the



Submarine control-room during an attack. The captain, crouching at the periscope, sights the target and orders the man on the right to adjust the periscope depth. The officer of the watch, by the conning-tower ladder, checks the "trim" of the boat controlled by a hydroplane operator (left)

sea rolling along the bulging curve of our saddle-tanks. Jewell explained that it was the air in these saddle-tanks, or main ballast tanks, that kept us on the surface; indeed, we were actually riding on air, for the holes at the bottoms of the tanks were permanently open, the sea being kept out merely by the pressure of the air; when we wanted to dive, the air would be let out of the vents which were along the tops of the tanks.

Madhouse Of Brass And Steel

At the end of the channel we swung to starboard and pointed our nose westward towards the Needles. We climbed down the conning-tower, a veritable wind-tunnel now that the diesels were thundering away and sucking in air with every stroke of their sixteen cylinders, and followed him through the control-room again and into the engine-room. I am not an engineer—at that time in my life I could not even drive a car—and all I took in was a pandemonium of noise. These diesels were no noisier, I suppose, than diesel engines usually are, but in that confined space (although it was the largest compartment in the submarine) the racket was terrific. It was a madhouse of brass and steel and frantically moving parts of machinery. With our brains reeling from the noise and the multiplicity of new impressions, we regained the comparative quiet of the control-room.

The submarine was rolling a bit now, and we guessed we must be clear of the Solent and meeting the swell from the Channel. "We'll be diving soon," said Jewell. He had hardly spoken when the order "Diving stations" came down the voice-pipe and was shouted from compartment to compartment fore and aft along the submarine. Now we were for it. And as the sailors came hurrying into the control-room to their stations it seemed suddenly incredible that this thundering mass of metal and machinery was about to be deliberately submerged. What would it feel like? Would it be like going down in a lift? Or would we dive like an aircraft, nose down? It was all rather alarming.

Trying to keep out of everybody's way, I found myself standing under the conning-tower. Looking up, I saw the blue sky framed by the upper hatch, and a cloud rolling from side to side. A pair of legs suddenly swung through the hatch and began climbing down the ladder. The raucous explosion of a klaxon hooter close to my ears set my heart thumping wildly, and I caught a sight of Jewell grinning at our startled faces. So much happened during the next few seconds that it was difficult for us to sort it all out. Wheels were turned, levers pulled, valves shut off, orders passed, reports made. The look-outs tumbled down the ladder, followed by the officer of the watch. I began to feel a little sick. There was a muffled thud somewhere overhead; the captain was shutting the upper hatch. His voice came sepulchrally from the tower: "One clip on. . . . Both clips on." He then descended calmly to the control-room, removed his binoculars, handed them to the signalman, said "Shut the lower hatch," and then, to the first lieutenant: "Thirty-two feet, Number One."

Never Felt A Thing

I looked across at the two depth-gauges on the port side and saw that the needles, which before had pointed steadily to zero, were now alive and moving. Already they had passed the figure 10 and were moving on to 15 . . . 17 . . . 20 . . . and I realized that up to this moment I had not appreciated the fact that we were actually diving. For there was an unexpected absence of sensation. Everything had become very peaceful. I supposed that the diesels must have stopped when the hooter went and that we were now being driven by the electric motors, though I could not hear them. The transformation from the noisy, turbulent surface world to this submarine peace amazed and delighted me. My stomach began to recover.

The captain stood watching the depth, and when the needle reached thirty feet he ordered "Up periscope." A bronze column which led up through the hull overhead slid quietly upwards from a deep well in the deck. As the foot of it emerged from the well, he bent down, snapped open the two handles and put his eyes to the eyepiece while the periscope was still rising. In its fully raised position it allowed him to stand comfortably at his full height, with his arms crooked over the handles.

First he turned the periscope rapidly through a complete circle, his body moving round with it and his feet just outside the edge of the well. Finally he came to rest on one bearing, examining something on the horizon.

"Now then," he said, "where are these wavy-navies from Hove? Want to have a look?"

Periscope's Powerful Eye

At first I had difficulty in seeing anything at all, until I found exactly the right angle for my eyes. Then I saw, far clearer than I had expected, a flurry of tumbling grey-green sea. It looked rougher than it really was, because I was seeing it from so close to the surface. It was surprising how wide the field of vision was. I pushed the periscope round and saw land, the Isle of Wight, and immediately identified the Needles.

"Now I'm going to show you something," said the captain. "Keep on looking and watch carefully. Can you see the Needles? You're in low power at the moment. Now watch." And he put his hand over my right hand, gave the handle a sharp half-turn towards me, and the Needles suddenly appeared astonishingly near. The field of vision had narrowed, but I could see every detail of those rocks as though they were less than a mile away. "You're now in high power," said the captain. "Normal vision magnified four times. Try it again for yourself."

I turned the handle back again, and the Needles clicked back to their normal distance. "Now try moving the other handle, and see what happens," he said. I did so, and found I was able to move sea, land and sky up or down; I could look at the sea quite close to me, or look above the land at the clouds. In fact, I could swivel the top lens until I was looking at the sky overhead. "That's so that we

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Tired but determined, Mr. Pontweed came into the room with his paste bucket and brush. Charlie and Reg began to edge nervously out of the room

Paper Chase

by JACK TREVOR STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

If there was anything Charlie liked, it was being helpful. And what an opportunity had come his way!

SPARROWSWICK PAPER SALVAGE week was the combined result of Councillor Sleazey's utter boredom and Mr. Sidney Frith's interest in the safety and welfare of children. These two factors had existed side by side for a number of years —Mr. Frith was the local Road Safety Officer— but not until one particularly boring council meeting in early summer did the two things blend together with useful, or the promise of useful, effect.

Mr. Sleazey, by disposition, should never have been an urban district councillor at all. He was a large, light-hearted man from the north. He had a gingery moustache, bright blue eyes and a little quiff of hair. Mr. Sleazey had a boyish enthusiasm for getting things started—anything, no matter what. But it was a quality out of place in local politics, which demanded extreme caution and—as Mr. Frith would say—the habit of looking right, looking left, looking right again before crossing any roads or making any kind of decisions.

Councillor Sleazey, although popular with the people, was something of an embarrassment to the council. He involved them in all manner of dubious enterprises. Whenever he became really bored or frustrated, when decisions were the subject of heavy deliberation, when new projects were hanging fire and argument took the place of action, then Councillor Sleazey was more than likely to start something. Usually it was some kind of "week" or "drive." There had been "Salute the Soldier Week," "Festival of Britain Week," "Health and Beauty Week," "Help Your Neighbour Week," and many others, just to—as he put it—"keep things popping." Now, into a serious debate on Approved Chicken Runs for Council Houses he had injected, apropos of nothing, a suggestion for a paper salvage week.

"In aid of what?" the chairman inquired, coldly.

"In aid of what!" repeated Councillor Sleazey indignantly, hastily searching for a needy cause. And then he caught sight of Mr. Sidney Frith, sitting dejectedly under the clock holding a wad of paper.

"In aid of Sidney's play centre," he said. "Why not?"

The entire council sat up as though they had received an electric shock. Sidney Frith had been bringing his Plan For A Children's Play Centre to council meetings for a long time and having it turned down as a matter of course. It was a very expensive plan involving the conversion of a large, barn-like building which had stood empty in Sparrowswick town centre for as long as anyone could remember.

Mr. Frith's scheme was something that appealed to everybody except the council. Such an enterprise would mean expenditure without income to balance it, and this was against all the principles of running a town. Mr. Frith wanted to keep children off the road with swings, see-saws, play-chutes, a miniature golf course, an enclosure for pedal toys and all sorts of other play facilities. His plan had involved a great deal of thought and painstaking work; in his mind and on paper, he had transformed

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Mrs. Gavin raises the height of fashion

by DON EVERITT

Her crusade aims at a square deal for tall women, and starts with one simple demand: clothes that will fit

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Helen Gavin kneels to measure a member's frock—a good fit, but seven inches too short

IN ITS TIME, Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital in London has been the scene of much publicity, but last March the interest in one birth went, almost literally, to new lengths. As soon as possible after it was born, the baby was carefully measured to determine its length.

When it was found that the child—a girl—was an inch above the national average and two inches above the Queen Charlotte average, mother and daughter made news. At the first opportunity they were photographed. Next morning, twenty-one-inch Miranda Gavin contributed a handsome piece of publicity to a cause which is enthusiastically followed by nearly two thousand British women—a cause which will almost certainly make life pleasanter for Miranda herself when she grows up.

The explanation is that Miranda's mother, Helen Gavin, is the leader of an "equal rights" campaign for tall women. Just over a year ago, she called together forty other London women who were tired of being regarded as freaks and figures of fun, and of wearing undersized or billowing outsized clothes, and formed an Association for Tall Women. Ever since, as its secretary, she has been fully occupied—apart from family duties—with the business of making the nation recognize that not all of its womenfolk are a cuddlesome average five-foot-three.

With her committee of five, she has put the tall woman's case by circular and interview to scores of manufacturers, shopkeepers and official bodies. Regarding publicity as the association's lifeblood, she has continually got her name and photograph in the Press. She has broadcast and been televised. As a stunt, she invited the six-foot-three-inch Queen of the Tonga Islands to join the association. Recalling the publicity over her first-born, she says: "I'm for anything which helps to make people more tall-minded. But in any case, Miranda was only doing her little bit. Heredity has practically guaranteed that she'll have a personal interest in the association: her father is well over six feet tall."

Helen Gavin is not the female counterpart of a high-pressure salesman, but a woman whose voice and bearing exemplify a quiet, unshakeable determination. A native of Aran, she has no trace of an accent, only a slow smile and measured speech to show that she still picks her words and exercises her sense of humour with Scottish discrimination. Fair-complexioned and blue-eyed, she is thirty-three, and qualifies for membership of the association by standing five feet eleven inches in her stockinged feet.

Her efforts, coupled with those of the committee and with the individual campaigning of members themselves, are already bringing results. "Last year," she says, "the only article of clothing a tall woman could get off the peg to fit her with any certainty was a brassière. Today, though she may still have to search and not get the best of styles, she can dress herself in clothes that fit properly." The association itself is growing rapidly, too. But, if it had not been for Helen Gavin, the whole movement might have folded up in its infancy.

Women Stopped Joining

The organization originated in 1949 as part of the Association for Women with Large Feet, formed in Yorkshire by a Skipton woman, Phyllis Crone. Concentrating on getting larger footwear and stockings, Mrs. Crone's movement flourished, but only for a time. In London, Helen Gavin organized one of several branches which sprang up all over the country. Then, suddenly, the membership seemed to have reached its peak—not at all a convincing one for manufacturers and shopkeepers—and the association languished. In March last year Mrs. Crone resigned.

Immediately, Helen Gavin called a meeting of London members in her flat. After agreeing not to let the movement die so easily, they tackled the membership problem. At her suggestion, they decided to change the name. "After all, few women will admit to having large feet," she says, "and tall women tend to have a slightly exaggerated sense of dignity." Since that meeting the membership in the London branch alone has increased to well over a thousand. The story is the same at Leeds, Darlington, Southport, Bath and Ipswich.

London's branch, which includes Surrey, Kent and Sussex and caters for Scotland and other unorganized areas, even has members in Jersey, Ireland, Holland, Sweden, South America, and South and West Africa. "They insisted on joining, although the most we can do for them is to put them in touch with mail order firms which are dealing in clothes for tall women. But their interest seems to show that tall women everywhere are treated as misfits."

The association is open to every age and every section of society. Even the entrance qualification—a height of five feet eight inches—is loosely applied to allow for the shorter woman with long feet, legs or hands. Members range in age from twelve to seventy-seven, and in occupation from housewife and factory girl to doctor and archaeologist. The tallest is a schoolgirl who is six foot five and a half inches; the member with the largest feet takes size 14½.

The difficulties with which the tall woman has

Tall girls bring their problems to Mrs. Gavin. Here a member shows her stockings, which reach just above the knee. Some women have to sew extra pieces on to the tops and toes

to contend affect her in four ways—financially, fashionably, physically and psychologically. To have clothes (or furniture) made to measure, she normally has to pay well above the average. Quite often, prices are exorbitant. A girl of twenty-one who earned £2 15s. a week and wanted to have one decent pair of shoes for special occasions was told that they would cost thirteen guineas. The bride-to-be of a milk roundsman had to pay fifty per cent more than normal department store prices to have her going-away suit and coat made.

Helen Gavin herself can vouch for furniture prices. "Some months ago my husband and I decided to have a bed made to measure. When he was single, my husband had been used to sleeping diagonally in a double bed, so you can imagine the hideous dramas there were with two of us. The first firm we went to quoted us one hundred pounds. Eventually I found a man who offered to make us a seven-by-six bed for forty-five pounds."

Wanted A Pretty Nightie

For the majority of tall women, unable to pay made-to-measure prices, the situation has been ludicrous, as the stories Helen Gavin has heard prove. One woman has always had to wear men's shoes or "monstrosities with bunion pockets." A newly-wed said: "How lovely it would be to be able to buy a pretty nightdress which would reach beyond my calves."

Many women, like Helen Gavin, have made their own clothes, but even then they have had to add pieces to the paper patterns. "It's been hopeless trying to be fashionable. And it's been all the more distressing, of course, because tall women, on the whole, have very good taste, and they can carry off the most extreme styles."

But the wearing of ill-fitting and unsuitable clothes does more than spoil the tall woman's appearance. Tight shoes and stockings have crippled many feet. Stockings do the most damage. "My corsets and stocking tops are so painfully tight," said one woman, "that I usually have bruises on my thighs and hips." The worst effects, however, go deeper than physical discomfort. Unsuitable clothing draws attention to the tall woman's height. Thus, a public attitude has developed which tends to regard any tall female as an oddity. There is the story of a twenty-eight year old woman which shows vividly how being tall can make life miserable.

Dance She Cannot Forget

"I can remember being sensitive about my size when I was quite young," the woman said. "Before I went to school—I must have been four years old—people who stopped and talked to my mother in the street used to look me up and down and ask her quietly if I was backward. When I grew out of juvenile shoe sizes and had to wear severe adult styles, the other children used to shout, 'She wears her granny's shoes,' and things like that. It was the same with clothes—far too short or miles too big. A shoe saleswoman once told me I ought to wear the boxes the shoes came in.

"I'll never forget the first time I went to a dance. Twice I went round the floor looking over the heads of my partners, blushing like mad. After that, I spent the rest of the evening trying to hide at the back of the hall. My mother persuaded me to go again and told me to stand up all the time, because when I sat down a stranger wouldn't realize I was tall. That night no one asked me to dance at all. I never went again.

"There was a time when I wouldn't go near a cinema. That came about because one night a woman in a row behind me asked me to take my hat off when I wasn't wearing one, and set everyone round about laughing. I always reckon that my height lost me the first job I ever went after, too. The manager asked me to sit in one of those very low armchairs that managers always seem to have, and I spent the interview trying frantically to keep my skirt, which reached just below my knees, over my stockings, which reached just above my knees. After that I got wise to sewing extra pieces on the tops and toes of my stockings."

Though the reasons why this woman has remained single are perhaps obvious, Helen Gavin's good humour deserts her at the mention of the popular idea that tall women generally do not marry. Recently, a newspaperman said to her: "I suppose most of your members are single?" She says: "I saw red. I spent the evening going through the membership and I found that half of the women were married and half single. Why on earth we should be thought incapable of matrimony I just don't know."

Under her leadership, tall women are improving their lot. Constant canvassing and pestering is forcing clothing manufacturers and shopkeepers to make and stock their sizes. One or two shops have sprung up which specialize in clothes for tall women. Saleswomen are more sympathetic and no longer say grumpily at first sight: "Oh, we've nothing to fit *you*, madame."

The Fashion Commandos

Much of the association's groundwork is being done by the committee or by selected "fashion commandos," as one branch calls them. But the ordinary members are by no means inactive. They are asked to find businesses in their own districts which will co-operate; one, the wife of a stocking manufacturer, got her husband to make larger sizes. They are urged to protest to the buyers at shops which do not stock their sizes—"Show them our newsletter so that they can see the service their competitors provide."

They are also asked to report to the association's London headquarters—the Gavin flat in Ashley Gardens, near Victoria Station—on their successes or otherwise at those shops which have agreed to stock clothes for them. Helen Gavin explains: "All we can do is list our finds in the newsletter. It is up to the members to let us know whether the shopkeepers keep their word."

The newsletter—the member's tangible return for her five-shilling yearly subscription—also carries hints ("Because nylon stretches less than silk or rayon, buy a half-size larger stocking if you can. Non-utility stockings have longer legs"), gossip ("Welcome to the Small Women's Association—they may indirectly help our cause by emphasizing that the human body comes in a variety of sizes, though British clothes do not"), and even Gilbert and Sullivan:

A wonderful joy our eyes to bless,
In her magnificent comeliness,
Is an English girl of eleven stone two
And five foot ten in her dancing shoe.

Since the association's campaign got under way, new difficulties have arisen. Some manufacturers, for instance, have the idea that they can satisfy the tall woman's needs simply by adding an inch or two to the hems of their ordinary sizes. Helen Gavin's reply to this is a detailed statement of the members' measurements and of their likes and dislikes.

Higher Ironing Boards

Clothing and furniture are not the only articles in which the association aims to get size reforms. One firm of perambulator manufacturers are willing to raise the height of their handles. Long umbrellas are stocked by a certain shop. Helen Gavin and her followers have also found firms which will produce higher kitchen equipment such as sink units and ironing boards.

Tall women seem to have an active sympathy with each other the world over. The association has drawn spontaneous interest from the United States in the shape of forty pairs of nylons from a New York counterpart. "American tall women have been organized much longer, and have their needs almost completely satisfied," says Helen Gavin. "Now that they have shops catering exclusively for them, they are developing more on the social side.

"But for us, social events are things of the future—although we've been asked several times to start a men's section. We must put first things first—and they are clothes." THE END

The leader of the bandits thrust at him with the tommy-gun. "No more insolence. Get into the house and keep away from the doors and windows"

THE CONQUEROR

by CHARLES FOUCAR

Abdul was a coward and a liar, but he knew magic when he saw it. What chance had armed bandits against him if he had the talisman?

ABDUL, THE HOUSE BOY, stared at the heavy padlock on the steel uniform case; then his gaze swept momentarily to the long aisles of rubber trees beyond the open doors of the bungalow. The path between the trees was empty. Abdul's master was safely out of the way, and the young man was free to linger before the steel case.

His slender, brown fingers closed upon the padlock.

The case contained a few treasures owned by Gregson, the plantation manager. To Abdul, who had once been privileged to see the contents of the case, most of these treasures were of small account. Two albums of stamps, a bundle of documents, suits of heavy clothing, a military uniform. . . . These were things of no interest to the young Asiatic. Yet the padlock held in safe keeping something which to Abdul was of strange significance. He did not understand its use, but was satisfied it had magical qualities.

On an occasion when the uniform case had been opened Donald Gregson had given it to Abdul to be cleaned. It was of silver. Resting upon clawed feet, its flat base supported a pagoda-like centre. There were words engraved upon the silver—assuredly an incantation! The inkstand, for such it was, was quite unsuitable for its purpose, and that it became an object of mystery to Abdul was not surprising. Besides, Gregson's admonition had added to the servant's awe.

"Clean that very carefully, you young ruffian. It is valuable. . . ." And Gregson laughed. "I had to fight hard for it."

"You fought for it?" Abdul said in surprise.

In reply Gregson held up three fingers and said, "Damned hard, Abdul. Three men."

"You killed them?"

"Well, not exactly. . . ." Gregson laughed again, and did not trouble to explain that the inkstand was a boxing trophy.

And so, as he stood before the locked case, Abdul's thoughts were all of the magic talisman. His dark eyes glowed. How fortunate was his master to own so splendid a charm. He had striven desperately for it. Therefore, it must direct the workings of Kismet. Why else should men have fought for an object of so little value?

The young man glanced downwards at his waist-cloth, an old garment of scarlet cotton, splendid amid the shadows of the room. But to him it was distasteful. If he owned the talisman it would clothe him in waist-cloths of shimmering silk. He would be a man of valour, invulnerable to his enemies. His village would

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIPHANT

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My life of fiddling and fooling (6) by ***TED RAY***

I make my first broadcast

Though he was top of the bill on the halls, Ted Ray had never been on the air, for theatre managers banned the B.B.C. So he burned his boats and made his radio début—twice in one night

ONE DAY IN 1935, Sybil and I decided we ought to have a home of our own. I was doing quite nicely as a variety comedian and we had a small car, a small flat and a small son. And £365 in the bank.

We all climbed into the car and drove more or less aimlessly round the London suburbs. We had got to a place in North London called Southgate, and the sun was shining on some new houses. "One of those would be nice," I said to Sybil. Robin added, "Ga-ga-ga." So we found the builder, who said: "If you put down £350, you can get a 3½ per cent mortgage."

I looked at Sybil and she looked at me. £350 from £365 would leave us with just £15. I swallowed hard and said, "Yes." And that was the start of a very happy time. How I longed to come home at the end of a week in Plymouth or Darlington to our neat little house in London! I was still touring the provinces, "Fiddling and Fooling."

There was plenty of excitement. Once my car caught fire on the way to Bristol. I was alone at the time, going down the Great West Road. I could see a lot of smoke, and could smell something burning. Suddenly I stopped the car and realized that the floor boards had caught alight and there was a mass of flames underneath the driving seat.

I frantically tried to signal some cars to stop. They all went by, until finally one driver did stop, and he fortunately had a fire extinguisher. He managed to put the fire out, but the floor boards had all been burned so badly by this time that the driving seat had collapsed and I had to sit on two suitcases for about a hundred miles. I got to Bristol just in time to make the show—without a band rehearsal. It got my name in the newspapers, though: "Comedian arrives in blazing car."

Snakes In Dressing-room

My habit of arriving at a town on Monday instead of Sunday night, to give me more time with the family, got me into several fights over dressing-rooms. Top of the bill is entitled to No. 1 dressing-room, which is usually the most comfortable. Once, I arrived at the Dudley Hippodrome to find that a female Indian fakir, complete with crocodiles and snakes, had comfortably ensconced herself in the only decent room. I turfed her out and she was so angry that she threatened to put a curse on me. All the week I was expecting to find a reptile in the bathroom, but I think her bark was worse than her crocodile's bite.

Soon afterwards, however, I nearly ran into more serious trouble with another Indian fakir at the Grand Theatre, Croydon. I had been having a quiet drink in the theatre bar after the show with the comedian Scott Sanders, and we were in a happy mood as we went backstage for our hats and coats. There was a huge cage on the stage and, looking at us through the bars, a lion. I said to Scott: "Look at this thing here—what are they trying to do, kid the public? Beast of the jungle! I bet it hasn't got a tooth in its head, and all its claws have been pulled out years ago."

I walked over to the cage and I said, "Puss, puss, puss . . ." and started stroking this lion's nose. Scott was smiling and beaming approvingly at the scene. Then I got my hat and coat and I went home.

Driving to the theatre the next afternoon, I saw a newspaper boy holding up a poster, and it said: "Boy mauled by lion." I got out of the car and bought the paper. Yes, it was the same lion. A little boy who was working in the company had got a bit too near the cage that morning and the lion had stuck his paw through and nearly torn his arm off. Lucky Ted!

In 1936, I got an offer to go to South Africa again. But I did not want to leave Sybil behind, and I thought: how am I going to get Sybil out there? How can I get her fare paid? Then I had a brainwave and told her: "Look, you've got to come back into the act." We bought her a dress and I wrote her a little song. She played the ukulele and I played the violin, and I brought her into the act at the end.

When I arrived in London I rang up the South African representative and said: "I've got a partner in my act now." I did not tell him it was my wife.

"Well, I can't give you any more money," he said.

"That's all right, you just pay her fare to South Africa. I'll pay her salary out of my own pocket," I offered magnanimously.

"I'll have to see her first," he said.

I knew when he was coming and I tipped the band off to laugh as they had never laughed before at my jokes, particularly when Sybil was on the stage. Harry Davidson, of *Those Were The Days*, was the conductor, and he and the boys played up magnificently. The result was that the representative was very impressed and accepted her without question.

In Capetown, Sybil spent hours shop-gazing. In the window of a smart jeweller's shop she caught sight of a little cross made up of blue and white stones. Every day on our way to the theatre she would stop for a few seconds and admire the trinket. The day before we were due to sail for home she stopped for the last time outside the shop and said, with disappointment in her voice: "Oh, look, Ted—that little cross I liked so much has been sold. It's gone." I did not say anything, and we walked on.

We went into the theatre to make up for the evening show. Sybil, who had been rather silent, lifted the towel off her dressing-table—and there was the little cross! I had nipped in an hour or two earlier and got it for her as a surprise. She says it was the nicest gift I ever bought her.

Back in England, I went straight into a touring show called *Personality Parade*, run by Don Ross, Gertie Gitana's husband. Sybil took one more crack at life on the stage, but one day she finally decided to give it up for ever. She decided to settle down to being a wife and mother, and, believe me, nobody has ever made a better job of it.

Ted and Sybil, his ex-chorus girl wife, photographed during their 1936 tour of South Africa. He included her in his act to get her fare paid

Heckling At Brighton

Audiences usually want to be entertained, and will come halfway to help a comedian. But one awkward customer can wreck the whole relationship. I shall never forget one man who gave me some anxious moments at the Brighton Hippodrome. He was obviously more than a trifle the worse for wear, and was sitting with a colourful feminine companion in the second row of the stalls. I was compère and, as I came on to introduce the third artist in the show, he suddenly shouted out with some truculence: "When are you going to say something funny?"

This sort of thing had so rarely happened to me that I was quite at a loss for a moment. I

Andrew, seen wiping the dishes with Ted on a caravan holiday, was born on almost the same day as his father's first broadcast. He is now a film star in his own right

do not usually have to grope for words, but the only reply I could think of on this occasion was: "When you get a little more intelligence to understand it." I could feel at once that the interruption had upset the audience. I had lost them, and from being a very pleasant performance it became a fight, a real tussle to get laughs.

I felt so shaken by this incident that after the first house I went into the bar for a drink. I was standing in a corner telling the manager what had happened when suddenly I heard a voice saying: "Yes, that was me!" and I felt the lapel of my jacket gripped rougnly by the heckler. "And what are you going to do about it?"

I noticed that standing close behind him were two quiet but very tough-looking individuals. Suddenly the heckler pulled back his arm as though he were about to strike me. Then things began to happen. One of the burly characters decided that he wanted to tie his shoelace, and as he bent down, the other took hold of the drunk by the collar and casually but most efficiently pulled him over the kneeling man's back. He hit the floor with a solid thud, and the next thing I saw was that two attendants were carrying him out into the street.

My rescuers returned to their drink without a word or a flicker of emotion. "That was very decent of you," I said.

"That's all right, Ted, we're just down here for the races. We've often seen you at the Holborn Empire and enjoyed your turn—and he got what was coming to him."

Another member of an audience I remember is Prince Monolulu—"I gotta horse." I was playing a theatre once during race week, and was about halfway through my act when suddenly there was a stir in the audience, and I thought that royalty must have arrived. Royalty had arrived—it was Prince Monolulu with all his plumes and feathers. He had booked a seat right in the very front row of the theatre. He sat down and I said: "Ah, the prince." The audience laughed. I said: "We are indeed honoured tonight." He gave his big, toothy grin, and that was that.

I went on with the act, but halfway through the next joke he started laughing at the previous one. I do not know to this day who was entertaining the audience that night—Prince Monolulu or Ted Ray. It was an unequal battle—and I think I lost. He laughed all the way through, and was always half a gag late.

Laugh That Went Wrong

Once, I was playing down in Bournemouth and I noticed there was one seat empty on the second row. Sitting next to that seat was a woman, so I said: "What's the matter, madam, why didn't you bring your husband with you? Couldn't he take it?" This got a laugh from the audience.

A couple of days later I received a letter which said: "Dear Mr. Ray, in future do not address your remarks to me, but to the rest of the audience. I am not a lady—I am 6 ft. 2 in., I have a big black moustache and I smoke a pipe and am quite capable of taking care of you."

I wrote back, saying: "In the first place, I was not talking to you. How dare you be so egotistical as to think that you are the only one in the audience? If you had turned round you would have noticed that there was a lady sitting behind you with an empty seat next to her. In future, be very careful what you say when you write letters to people." He wrote back a most charming letter. He said: "How can I apologize? I am most terribly sorry. But I have taken the liberty of having the monogram on your letter heading reproduced in the form of a pair of silver enamel cuff-links." He really had—and I still wear them every day.

Relations between the stage and the audience are very tricky. I was at Sheffield, just before a Bank Holiday, and the manager came round and said: "Ted, would you read out this message when you go on? It's rather urgent." I walked on to the stage and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, before I begin my act I want to read you a very urgent message. Would the brothers Smith please go home at once as the roof of their house has just fallen in." The audience screamed with laughter as if I had told the most beautiful joke. "No, honestly," I said. "It's true, the roof of their house *has* fallen in. Where are they—the brothers Smith?" But I could not convince the audience that it was true, and I did not see anyone leave the theatre.

Variety folk are great jokers. I came off the stage for a quick change in a pantomime, and as I grabbed hold of my dressing-room door, I felt my fingers stick to it. A couple of comics had put some sticky glue all over the doorknob. With only thirty seconds to make the change in even the best conditions, I rushed into my dressing-room, wiped the stuff off my hands and looked round for my wig for the next scene. It was not there. They had hidden it, and I had to rush back to the stage with a hat right down over my face.

Packed All Their Trunks

But I got my own back in the second house. While they were on the stage for about twenty minutes, I undid their trunk and their baskets and packed everything they had got—right in the middle of a performance. When they came off there was nothing left, not even a matchstick—make-up, towels and everything all locked up. They had to do the next scene as Chinese policemen in their street clothes.

Of course, if the manager finds out when you are larking about, there is hell to pay. But on the whole they are nice chaps, and one was very understanding when I smashed a beautiful

Continued on page 20

Jennifer did not know how long she had been standing there, the lamp in her hand. It was oppressively hot, and sweat was pouring from them both. Zlin

The Far Country

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Carl Zlinter was not qualified to operate. A mistake could mean, for both of them, serious police charges

JENNIFER MORTON HAD NEVER in her life witnessed an operation. Now, when she had to help in one, she knew only that she must keep her head, that she must not faint. A man was going to have his leg cut off. . . .

Jennifer had come to Australia on £400 left to her by her grandmother. She was staying with Jack and Jane Dorman on their sheep farm at Leonora. Jane was a relative of Jennifer's; she had outraged her family in 1919 by marrying Jack "below her station" and going off to Australia with him.

The Dormans had gone through a hard time. Now, with wool booming, they were rich. Australia itself was rich and opening its doors to a flood of immigrants. Jack Dorman liked to see it, but he wasn't so sure about some of the immigrants—New Australians, as European D.P.s were called.

Jennifer had an opportunity to meet one soon after she arrived. With Jack Dorman, she was visiting Lamirra lumber camp. Bulldozers were at work among the trees. She heard the noise of one of the machines alter. Suddenly

r worked on in silence, utterly absorbed and detached

there was frenzied activity in the camp: two men had been crushed to the ground.

There was no doctor within call, but one of the timbermen had been a surgeon in Europe. He was a Czech called Carl Zlinter, doing his two years' prescribed service as a labourer before he could study for an Australian degree.

It was plain that an immediate operation was necessary; plain, too, that if Zlinter did it, it would be "illegal." The camp manager gave his decision: operate. Zlinter prepared his instruments, and then he saw Jennifer.

"Would you be afraid to help me?" he asked her.

"I'll do my best," Jennifer heard herself saying. She told herself fiercely: I must not faint.

PART 4

The Operation

She became oblivious of the men who stood around and watched them. Her whole attention became concentrated on the job she had to do, and on Carl Zlinter, this foreigner in dirty clothes who wielded so much power. He made her swab her hands and arms in disinfectant at the tailboard of the utility, and then she helped him put the instruments into the bowl and to arrange the ligatures, the dressings and the bandages neatly on the white rubber sheet. Then she went with him and knelt down beside the man, and for a time she listened while he instructed her, naming each article after him. Both became utterly immersed in the work that lay ahead.

The professional detachment of the doctor communicated itself to her, as he intended that it should, and robbed the business of all horror. She saw no sympathy and no emotion in his work upon the injured man, only a great technical care and skill, that noted impersonally every sign of feeling, every change in respiration and pulse as the work went on, and made adjustment for it.

He took the leg off about eight inches below the knee with a local anaesthetic injected in several places around the leg, waited ten minutes for this to take effect, and then did the job. From the time they knelt down together by the rubber blanket till the bandaging was complete, about twenty-five minutes elapsed.

Carl Zlinter sat back on his heels. "So," he said. "Now we must get him to the utility." He raised his head. "The mattress, please. Bring it and lay it down here."

He got to his feet and Jennifer got up stiffly from her knees; she felt completely exhausted, drained of all energy. She was surprised to see Jack Dorman there among the men, and to see the utility parked immediately behind the bulldozer; she had not seen or heard it arrive. Carl Zlinter spoke to her.

"It was very well done, the help that you gave me," he said. "You have been a nurse at some time?"

She shook her head. "No," she said. "I've never done anything like that before."

He raised his eyebrows. "So!" he exclaimed softly. "It was well done, very well. You have a gift for this." He glanced at her kindly. "And now you are very tired."

She forced a smile. "I don't know why one should be."

"It is the close attending," he said. "I also, I get tired, every time. It would be wrong if one did not grow tired, I think, for that would mean I had not done the best I could."

She smiled at him. "I suppose that's right. I suppose that's what it is." And then somebody said, "Where will they put the mattress, Splinter?"

He moved aside. "Here. Lay it down here, like this." She turned towards the utility, and Jack Dorman was there. "Good show, Jenny," he said with genuine respect. "How're you feeling? Get into the car and sit a bit."

"I'm all right," she said. "It takes it out of you, though." She got into the car and sat with the door open, talking to him.

"I brought up a bottle of whisky from the store, 'case it was needed," he said. He produced it. "Let me pour you out a nip."

"I don't want that," she said. "I'm all right."

"Sure?"

"Honestly."

He slipped the bottle back into the door pocket of the car. "I couldn't have done what you did," he said. "I'd have turned sick."

Under the direction of the Czech the men lifted the unconscious man carefully on to the mattress and carried it to the utility, and laid it carefully in the back, assisted by Jack Dorman and the manager. Jennifer got out while this was going on and stood and watched, but there was nothing she could do to help.

Carl Zlinter came to her by the car. "We have now to put the other man on the mattress," he said. "Do you feel able to help me? It is more delicate, because of the head injuries."

"Of course," she said. "What do you want me to do?"

She crossed with him to the other man while the mattress was brought and laid adjacent to him. They knelt down while Zlinter carefully examined the head again, and felt the pulse, and tested the degree of unconsciousness. He made her fetch a triangular bandage and he raised the injured head while she slipped the bandage beneath it. Then very carefully they manoeuvred the rubber sheet beneath the body and head, Zlinter and Forrest, the lumber manager, lifting each part an inch or so from the ground while the girl slipped the sheet under, straightening the folds as she progressed; in ten minutes the man was lying on the sheet.

With three men lifting the sheet on each side of the body and Zlinter tending the head at the same time, they slipped the mattress under and carried it to the utility, and laid it in the back beside the other. Then they were ready to go.

Jack Dorman got into the utility with Zlinter and Jennifer; Forrest followed on behind them with the truck full of men, leaving the bulldozer to be sorted out and put upon its feet in the morning. Dorman drove the utility over the rough ground of the glade at no more than a walking pace, with Zlinter continually observing the effect of the motion on the wounded men through the back window; once or twice he stopped the car and got out to examine them more closely. Presently the truck drew up beside them, and it was arranged that Forrest should go on ahead and telephone the doctor at Woods Point.

The utility moved very slowly up the track towards the road. Jennifer sat silent between the men, Dorman giving the whole of his attention to getting the car over the rough road with as little motion as possible, Zlinter silent and preoccupied with the condition of the head injury. But presently he roused himself and said, "Please, Mr. Dorman. This young lady that has been of so great help—I do not know her name. Will you make an introduction, please?"

The Australian said: "Why—sure. Jennifer Morton, my wife's niece or something."

The girl laughed. "Jennifer's the name," she said. "Jenny, if you like." She hesitated. "You might as well complete it," she observed. "Your name isn't really Splinter, is it?"

"Zlinter," he said. "Carl Zlinter, Miss Jennifer." He achieved as near to a bow as he could manage in the cab of the utility, pressed up against the girl. "They call me Splinter when it is not something ruder. I am from Czechoslovakia. You are Australian, of course?"

"I'm nothing of the sort," the girl said. "I'm a Pommie, from London. I've only been in the country a few days."

"So? A few days only. I have been here for fifteen months."

"Do you like it?"

He nodded. "It is ver' beautiful, almost like my own country, in Bohemia, in the mountains. I would rather live there, in my own country, but I do not like Communists. If I may not live there, then I would rather live here, I think, than any other place in the world."

"You like it so much as that?"

He smiled. "I have been happy since coming here from Germany. I like the country, and the working in the trees."

The utility emerged on to the made road with a lurch. Zlinter made Jack Dorman stop the car and got out to inspect his patients; what he saw was evidently not very satisfactory, because he got up on to the mattresses and crouched over the man with the fractured skull. He got down presently on to the road, and came to the window at the driver's side.

"I will ride in the back," he said. "The motion is not good, but if I kneel down there I can keep the head still, I think. Go very, very carefully."

Jennifer said: "Can I help if I get in behind, Doctor?"

"You must not call me 'Doctor,'" he said. "Not in Australia." She did not understand that. He went on: "There is not room for more than

Continued on page 24

Stand back for Fred Trueman, cricket's latest 'killer'

by WILFRED GREATOREX

He plays to win, and he doesn't care what some people say about his fighting spirit. All he wants is to get at the Australians

The Trueman delivery. His right foot, trailing the last five feet, acts as a guiding rudder

UNDER THE EYES of a tolerantly curious crowd at Trent Bridge one misty July day last year, a tall, black-haired young man with a broad back and an indifferent manner was preparing to bowl for Yorkshire against the home side, Nottinghamshire.

Virtually unknown outside his own county, Freddie Trueman was the centre of attention because of a fast bowling episode just one month earlier when, at Sheffield, he had shot eight Notts batsmen out in a day. Five had been clean bowled. The feat had been rather lightly passed over by Press and pavilion as unusual, but hardly significant.

Trueman deliberately measured out his twenty-eight yard run, scraped a mark, and opened his attack. Not long afterwards, he had broken the Notts batting, getting Simpson, Armitage and Harvey with successive balls for a hat-trick.

He hit Armitage's off-stump with such force that it was carried fourteen yards, and by the end of the innings he had again taken eight wickets; six of them clean-bowled. Impressed, the pavilion experts and the purists nevertheless kept at a safe distance from enthusiasm. Some even blamed the mist. But as the bowler walked up the pavilion steps, a greying Notts supporter caught his arm and said: "Keep it up, lad. You'll be as good as Harold Larwood one day." The comparison, made publicly for the first time, was well meant. Nowadays, Trueman hears it often; for he is that rare phenomenon in current English cricket, a really fast bowler.

Between spells of R.A.F. duty this summer, 2549485 A.C.2 Frederick Sewards Trueman, National Serviceman, has turned out for England against the Indians in three Test matches. By the end of the third, the less conservative of those closest to the game were acknowledging him as the first real menace to the Australian arch-enemy since Larwood.

Accused Of Wildness

Trueman, a bluff ex-miner of five-foot-ten with slightly bowed legs, long arms and pigeon toes ("the way they point helps my bowling action"), inclines to agree that this is his destiny. "All I want now," he says in his Yorkshire accent, "is the chance to get at the Aussies next season."

Not everyone who has seen him play shares Trueman's optimism. By friends as well as enemies he has been variously accused of wildness, inaccuracy, lack of knowledge of the game, and of having only uncontrolled speed. When he was picked to play for England in the first Test, the selection came in for criticism. "He is much too raw," observed one prominent critic. On the third morning of that game, Trueman opened his attack on the Indians. Inside fifteen minutes, three wickets had fallen to Trueman.

"I knew a lot of people were ready to find faults," he said later. "But it didn't worry me. I just bowled for the stumps and didn't try to show whether I had a cricket brain." Even then, the sceptics were not convinced. "I think nearly everybody on the ground felt that here was another Larwood," one expert recalls, "but few of us dared believe it."

Trueman has been up against this attitude since boyhood. Once, in 1946, as a fifteen-year-old novice, he was sent by his father, a miner, to join a local cricket club. "He had been playing in junior matches and getting 'em out easily," says his father, "so we thought it was time he went a bit higher." Freddie was given two half-crowns to pay his subscription, but half an hour later came back looking glum. He had been turned away by an official who spurned the proffered subscription with the remark: "We've got enough of your sort here."

England's new fast bowler has never quite got over the slight. He goes to great lengths of self-justification, even when playing well below his class in R.A.F. games. Not long ago, an officer who was batting against him rashly commented that Trueman's bowling was not as fast

Triumph for the "new Larwood." Trueman runs into the pavilion at Old Trafford after taking eight Indian wickets for thirty-one runs. "The only time to worry," he says, "is when you lose"

as he had expected. Trueman did not reply, but his mouth had a set look when he began his next over. He extended his run by two yards and bowled much faster. The first ball shot through just under the officer's face. The second whipped his off-stump out of the ground.

For six years, Trueman has been preoccupied with the related activities of increasing his pace and confounding the unbelievers. Pushed by his father, coached by Bill Bowes, a former fast bowler of repute, and shrewdly handled by the present England captain, Len Hutton, he is today the fastest man in English cricket.

His bowling is so fast that spectators are often as awed as the batsmen who have to face him. "The boy is sending them down at such a lick," admits one England batsman, "that I'm glad he's on our side. We need him against the Aussies. He's really lethal."

Freddie Trueman's muzzle-velocity has been roughly calculated at between ninety and 110 m.p.h. One of his R.A.F. hut-mates, impressed by tales of Trueman's express deliveries, recently went to watch him bowl. Later, in the dressing-room, he asked the bowler if he was ever afraid of hitting a batsman.

"Afraid?" retorted Trueman incredulously. "Me, afraid? Not likely. I'm after t'wicket. If they get in t'way they can lump it."

"But doesn't it upset you?"

"Look," Trueman said. "The time to get worried is when you lose the match, not before."

"I Never Say I'm Sorry"

His tough disposition, complete irreverence towards opponents of whatever standing, and aggressive attitude once he sets foot on a cricket field, come naturally—and usually land him in controversies and "inquests."

During the second Test at Lord's, Vinoo Mankad, the top-ranking Indian batsman who made a defiant 184 runs, was rapped on the left hand by a "hot" one from Trueman. In pain, he dropped his bat and pressed the injured limb against his body. Every England player except Trueman rushed forward with help and sympathy. The bowler retired coolly to his bowling mark some fifty yards away and sat down. Afterwards, in the pavilion, it was hinted that an apology might not have been out of place. Trueman disagreed.

"I never say I'm sorry," he says emphatically. "I'm not sorry, so why pretend?" In a recent R.A.F. game he hit three batsmen in one innings: a squadron leader got it in the neck, a sergeant in the back and an aircraftman needed attention for a split thumb. "Not once did Freddie show the slightest interest in their condition," recalls one of the players. "It was disturbing, but rather magnificent."

In every case Trueman merely squatted on his haunches waiting for them to recover. He knows what some people think of the "killer" spirit he is bringing into English cricket, but accepts it as inevitable that, as a fast bowler, he will be hated as well as worshipped. "It's no use wasting phrases like 'not cricket' on Freddie," says a colleague. "To him there are only two reasons for playing—to prove himself and to win."

Vivid Bowling Action

There was an instance of this sporting totalitarianism in the third Test. Trueman got Pankaj Roy's wicket in his first over, and his fire increased until he had finished off the Indians by taking eight wickets for thirty-one runs in fifty-two balls. "It was," says a veteran, "the nearest thing to terrorism I've ever seen."

Freddie Trueman's bowling action is vivid. He marks out his twenty-eight yard run, accelerates towards the wicket with a long-striding, lolloping gait and finishes with a movement in which the whole of his body—legs, trunk, arms—is in one plane. "In full sail," says one prominent cricketer, "Freddie is an inspiring sight." This co-ordination of impetus, body swing, arm swing and rhythm has been called "almost perfect." His right foot "trails" the last five feet or so as a guiding rudder. His left foot pounds into the ground, taking the full force of his 11 st. 9 lb.

Trueman is more concerned about the wear-and-tear on his size ten boots than on his body. He gets cricket boots in threes, not pairs. "The trailing action," he explains, "tears into the right boot, ripping the sole and making the toe look like a chewed cigar." Once, he wore a hole right through boot and sock. "The big toe," he says grimly, "would have been next."

Freddie Trueman was born at Stainton, Yorkshire, on February 6, 1931. He was already showing a natural aptitude for the game at the age of five, and seven years later was playing almost nightly. In one game he was hit in the groin by the ball. For eighteen months he was in and out of hospital. Finally, sunray treatment and massage cured him. Having lost two years' schooling, he went back for one month before starting work. He was, in turn, a wire-mill worker, a glassworker, a brickmaker, a navvy and finally a haulage-lad at Maltby Main Colliery.

In a field near his home he and his pals used to play with a pickshaft for a bat, a dust-bin lid as wickets, and wooden balls found near fairground coconut shies. At fifteen, Trueman was good enough to play among the grown-ups; he once clean bowled six men, closing with an analysis of seven wickets for six runs.

Other unusual performances followed. He took eight for six, six for four, eight for thirteen. Invited to help a local team at the last minute, he was about to begin his run when his father, who was also in the side, called out to the wicketkeeper, Reg Buck, warning him to stand farther back.

"He's only a lad," grinned Buck, holding his ground a yard or two behind the stumps. A few moments later, though, one of his middle fingers was broken in three places.

Nine Wickets For One

Trueman later joined Roche Abbey, a nearby amateur team, for whom, one Saturday in 1946, he took nine wickets for one run. The remaining batsman was run out. Two days after this he was taken by his father to see Cyril Turner, the ex-Yorkshire player who was coaching Sheffield United. In the nets that evening Trueman showed off his pace and action. The brief audition was enough for Turner. "As soon as Cyril saw Freddie he had bigger ideas than I had for the boy," says Trueman senior.

Inevitably, Trueman became a Yorkshire player—in February, 1949—and took thirteen wickets in his first season, thirty in his second and seventy-five last year. Though some of his performances have been glibly dismissed as freaks of fortune, Trueman puts no store by luck alone. "I get all the fairy-tale stuff I need at the pictures," he says disarmingly. He is one of the more regular patrons of the Astra, the R.A.F. cinema at Hemswell, Lincolnshire.

"Mainly," he says, "I go to see the *Superman* serials." Once, he and a colleague came out after ten minutes when they realized there was no *Superman* episode. When Yorkshire played in London last season, Trueman went to the pictures alone to see *The Snake Pit*, a controversial Hollywood film about a serious social problem. He came back disappointed and had the rest of the team doubled up with laughter at his protests. "There wasn't a snake in it," he said. "Not even an adder."

Concentrating On Speed

Trueman also likes reading comics and playing billiards. At Hemswell he does both, and spends his duty hours looking after the sports stores and pitches. Some of cricket's leaders consider that his stay in the R.A.F. will help Trueman by saving him at a time when he might otherwise run the risk of bowling his heart out, the occupational disease of his kind. Neither Bowes nor Hutton appears to be in any great hurry with the boy. "Freddie is learning fast," says Bowes, "but we're still concentrating on his speed, rather than direction and control. Just give him two more years and then——"

Despite this careful emphasis on pace, however, Bowes and Hutton have never once assured Trueman that they regard him as really fast. "After a session at the nets," Bill says, "we usually pull his leg by telling him to stop bowling spinners."

The joke boomeranged not long ago. After one of their fixtures in London, Yorkshire were entertained to dinner at a West End hotel by the Society of Yorkshiremen in London. Trueman was placed next to a titled woman. As he sat down, she leaned over and said, to break the ice: "You do bowl *so* fast, Mr. Trueman." Impassive, Freddie pointed accusingly across the table at Bowes and said: "You ought to tell *'im* that." THE END

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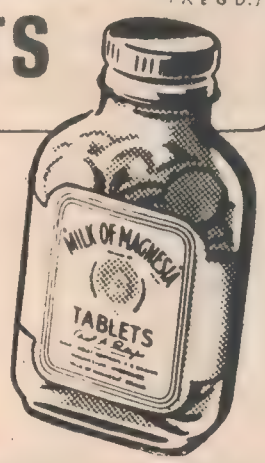

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MY LIFE OF FIDDLING AND FOOLING

Continued from page 15

lamp in my dressing-room. I had been demonstrating a new golf swing with a walking stick and there was a crash above me. I'll have to pay for this, I thought.

"How did it happen?" the manager asked me.

"Well, I had my stick in my hand and my dresser was helping me on with my jacket and I reached up with my arm and this silver knob on the end of the stick crashed into it. It was a pure accident," I said.

"Oh, that's all right," he replied. "Funny thing is, it happened last week. A chap did it with a champagne cork."

Well, I might have believed that coincidence, until I realized that last week's star—a pal of mine—was also a very keen golfer, so I have my own idea as to how that lamp became broken twice in two weeks.

Girl With Garlic Kiss

Another true story is about a girl who played in a revue with which I was touring. There was one sketch where I used to get a boy and a girl up from the audience. First I used to get two professional actors playing a bedroom sketch, and then ask the volunteers to act it—reading the lines from a script.

We always tried hard to get genuine people, but in case nobody would come up, we had a couple of actors planted in the audience. The female stooge was a very pretty girl, and in the sketch I had to kiss her to demonstrate to the other fellow how it should be done.

I noticed that this girl always used to smell of garlic, and when we kissed it was horrible. One day I found out why—her young man was in the cast and he was so jealous of these kisses that before the show he used to take her out to a restaurant and fill her up with garlic so that she would not enjoy the kiss—and nobody else would, either.

The year 1939 was an important one for me, apart from the outbreak of war. On May 31 my second son, Andrew, was born.

The night before Andrew arrived was an anxious one for me, just as it would have been for any other father. I was so strung up that I even let Sybil get out of the car when the reversing gear failed and let her help me to push it. If I had been in my right senses I would never have let her do this. I went back home in a dither of anxiety, but about six o'clock in the morning the telephone rang and a cool, impersonal voice said: "Mr. Ray, you have a son."

I dashed down to the nursing home as soon as I could to have a quick look at Sybil and the boy. As soon as I got to the home they told me that the baby was outside in the sunshine lying in his cot with a number of other babies. I laughed off any idea that a nurse should come with me and point out which was Andrew—but in fact it was only after four attempts that I picked the right one.

This happy event occurred on almost the same day as my first broadcast. Although I had been an entertainer for ten years I had never been invited to broadcast, nor had I tried to get myself invited.

Let Contracts Lapse

Round about this time there was some pretty powerful opposition from theatre managers so far as broadcasting by their artists was concerned. I was getting almost as much work as I could do, but always in my contracts was a clause which stipulated that I should not perform on the air. For a long time I had given thought to this business of broadcasting, and it seemed to me it was time for me to do something about it—even if it meant taking a gamble.

I went to my agent, Bob Wade, who by this time had left George Barclay and started a firm of his own with Don Ross—the Wade-Ross Agency—and told him to let all my music-hall contracts lapse. I said that in my view the publicity value of broadcasting had a very considerable striking power, and it seemed to me to be a good thing to bring my name before the public as much as possible.

Bob saw my point of view and carried out my instructions with regard to the contracts. Having burned my boats—up to a point, at any rate—I made it my business to meet John Sharman, who was then running *Music Hall*.

He gave me a date and I went along and put everything I knew into the broadcast. I had learned it all, word for word, so that I did not have to read the script, and I absolutely paralysed them—wonderful!

You can imagine my feelings when I came off and John Sharman said to me: "Very good indeed, Ted, but I'm sorry—you've got to do it all over again." The recording tape had broken, so although it had been heard by the listeners to the live broadcast, it had to be done all over again.

I went out to the audience and I said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry about this. It puts me in a spot because I can't change all my patter, much as I would like to. I have got to give you the same act. Unfortunately, *you* have got to laugh in the right places." So, with a bit of kidding and mugging along, they did so, but it was a difficult début.

When I came off, I walked into the dressing-room and I remember the Western Brothers were there. Kenneth said to me: "Excellent, old boy." I was flushed with success. I thought I was made as a radio star. He said: "What are you going to do for the next one?"

I suddenly realized how right he was. There is nothing in this world more absorbent and porous than that thing called the microphone. It soaks it all up—and what are you going to do next time? That's my problem every week in *Ray's A Laugh*.

Listened To Bitter End

I remember listening to the recording. I was on my way to Glasgow by car, and was driving over Shap Fell, when I realized that it was time to listen. Unfortunately, I had no car radio. All I had was a little portable, which would not work inside the car—and it was pouring with rain.

But I had to hear if I was any good on the air. So I stopped the car and stepped into the road, clutching the wireless set. For half an hour I crouched under my mackintosh with the portable, rather like an old-fashioned photographer, with the rain pouring on me. I don't know what the people in the cars that went by thought I was doing, but I listened to the bitter end. Not bad, I considered. But what was I going to do for the next one?

NEXT WEEK: Ted tells the inside story of his show, "Ray's A Laugh"

MARGERY SHARP

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

PAPER CHASE

Continued from page 10

the grim old building into a happy playland, fully drawn up, laid out and complete to the last detail.

"Well, why not?" Councillor Sleazey said again. "I say, why not? The country needs paper, and the kids need a play centre. With scrap paper fetching from ten to fifteen bob a hundredweight, we'd soon have enough to get things started. Scouts make a fortune at it—hundred quid a year, some of them. And that's just casual. Why, with an incentive like Sidney's play centre we'd get all the kids of the town out collecting. . . ."

The chairman opened his mouth to protest several times, but it was no use; Councillor Sleazey went on and on, and the fanatical Mr. Frith came and spread his Plan right over the approved designs for council house chicken runs. Councillor Sleazey, the chairman could see, had done it again.

Sparrowswick Paper Salvage Week began with a gay procession around the town. It was a Saturday in July.

The morning was breezy and sunny and the centre of the town was all decked out, with scrap paper as a motif. Streamers of torn paper hung from windows, torn and tattered banners carrying paper-saving slogans were suspended across the streets. Altogether a lot of imaginative effort had gone into the organization and people —especially the children—were responding magnificently.

THE procession was led by Sparrowswick Silver Prize Band. Behind came a tableau of pretty girls in paper costumes on a council scavenging cart followed by scouts, guides and other youth groups pushing handcarts, and children with old prams, barrows or merely sacks, all prepared to collect every scrap of paper they could find.

The Pontweeds were at the very end on the side nearest the kerb; Reg, Charlie, Louie and Sue carrying sacks, Maudie pushing an empty pushchair.

As the procession got back to the starting point outside the old building, Charlie asked a question that had been bothering him. "What will they do with the paper when they get it?"

Reg, a year older than Charlie and the scientific one of the family, said: "Pulp it, of course. Mash it up, so they can make more newspapers."

Charlie frowned. "What, and start all over again?"

Maudie, the eldest, said: "Shut up, you two. The band's stopped for the speech."

Everything had stopped for the speech. The procession broke ranks and assembled in front of the old building, where all the paper was to be kept for the duration of the campaign. Councillor Sleazey, the inaugural sack of paper standing at his feet, patted his quiff of hair and cleared his throat, choosing a few appropriate words. Quite a crowd had gathered to hear him—it was shopping day anyway—but the children with the sacks waited impatiently for the word "go," and Louie Pontweed, an athletic child, never happier than when upside down, did a brief and unobtrusive handstand against a lamppost.

At last, with the inaugural ceremonies over, the paper gatherers were released on the town in full force. Maudie, taking command of her family unit, with all the responsibility of her twelve years, issued brief instructions.

"We'll go home and have our dinner first," she said, "then see what our mum's cleared out of the attic to start the ball rolling. . . ."

Mrs. Pontweed was more than thankful that the children had found something to occupy them. Her husband was taking part of his summer holiday and he was going to redecorate the house; she did not want anything to interfere this time. He had been promising to paper the walls for a number of years.

"I've put all the waste paper in the spare room," Mrs. Pontweed told Maudie after dinner.

Mr. Pontweed, mixing a tin of paint on the kitchen table, glanced up

"MOTHER!"

sharply. "You haven't touched my old——"

"No, dear," Mrs. Pontweed said. She had made a point of collecting the paper herself, for her husband placed high value on all kinds of rubbish which, as he often said, "might be interesting in twenty years' time."

Mr. Pontweed went on stirring. "Or my collection of——"

"No, nothing of yours at all," his wife said, reassuringly, reading his mind with the skill of long practice. "I've turned out all those women's magazines that Ruth sent from Canada and those rolls of wallpaper off the shed shelf that the mice got at last year before you could use."

Mr. Pontweed detected faint criticism and a generous let-out. "Well, they won't get at this new stuff," he said. "I've made sure of that. This time next week I'll start hanging. . . ."

During the next few days the town and district were overrun by scurrying children with piles of paper. Factories and offices and shops and cupboards-under-the-stairs emptied at an amazing rate and the old building began to fill up. Everybody appeared to enjoy himself in the process and none more than Councillor Sleazey. For him paper collection was only a vehicle for all the supplementary pleasures of a well-organized "week." There were whist drives and jumble sales and dances and a Paper Queen to be chosen and kissed, and he applied himself to all of these with indefatigable spirit.

On the Friday afternoon Councillor Sleazey was sitting in the high school gymnasium watching the health and beauty team rehearse for the next day's closing display when Mr. Sidney Frith approached him in high panic.

"Something dreadful's happened!" he exclaimed. "Some wretched boy has taken my plan for salvage!"

To Councillor Sleazey, watching all the youth and charm and bare limbs, nothing was dreadful But Mr. Frith was maniacally interested in recovering his plan. "Don't you see," he said, "it means searching through all the paper that has been collected."

"You can't do that!" Councillor Sleazey said, derisively. "Why, it'd take weeks! You'd better try and find the lad that took 'em and see if he can remember where he put it."

BUT that was easier said than done. Children had been in and out of Mr. Frith's office like locusts. He had just told them to empty his waste-paper basket and take a few unwanted manuscripts from the top of his desk; the trouble was, he had turned his back while they did it. All he could remember about the children was that one of them stood on its head while the others did the work.

Throughout that afternoon, Mr. Frith searched the town, but it was hopeless. He arrived back at the old building just before five o'clock, tired, dispirited and hoarse. He had intercepted and cross-examined dozens of children, all hurrying to get the last of the paper in before the week ended. They had all been impatient with him; they did not remember Mr. Frith among so many donors, nor one particular piece of paper among so many tons. Yet when Mr. Frith spotted Charlie Pontweed he recognized him instantly.

To Mr. Frith's immense relief Charlie remembered the incident, Mr. Frith and the papers most clearly.

"It was that loose lot," Charlie said. "We'd got the sacks all full and didn't know where to put it."

"Oh, *that* lot," Maudie said.

"But where is it now?" Mr. Frith asked.

"The scouts were collecting all the little loose lots," Charlie told him, "for a special Paper Salvage Week paper chase——"

"Oh, no!" Mr. Frith exclaimed.

Reg stepped forward, for information was really his job. "They're starting at five o'clock from the scouts' hut and going across the heath. If you hurry up. . . ."

Mr. Frith hurried up.

"Must be barmy," Louie commented when Mr. Frith had gone.

Maudie was not so sure. No matter how good their intentions, trouble seemed to wait for them in all kinds of quiet, out-of-the-way places. Especially for Charlie.

"Come on," Maudie said when they had disposed of the last load. "We shall be late for tea and mum wants you lot in bed early so our dad can start the papering. . . ."

When Mr. Frith reached Sparrowswick Heath, the paper chase was already on. It was forty years since he had worn short trousers and been in the scouts, yet he joined the chase as though it were only yesterday. He had a hazy idea that they tore the stuff up as they went along and he hoped that he could reach the leaders before they got to his plan.

In spite of his years and the exertions of the afternoon Mr. Frith easily outpaced the other startled hunters. He sped along the heathland paths between the tall bracken and the flowering shrubs, across the heathered slopes, through woody tunnels among the rhododendrons and along muddy stream beds, snatching at torn paper with the fearful expectation of finding some recognizable part of his plan.

But in the end the scouts had the greater staying power and woodland cunning. Hunted and hunters, led by three burly rover scouts and a patrol leader, returning from the chase at eight o'clock found Mr. Frith unkempt, exhausted and uncaring, sitting alone in a little green glade, smoking a pipe. They told him that the paper which the children had contributed that afternoon had not been needed after all and was still in the hut. "Come back with us," the patrol leader said, "and we'll go through it."

As a good deed it was, from Mr. Frith's point of view, a failure. He did not feel elated that the paper had not been torn up, he did not feel disappointed that it was not among the paper back in the scouts' hut. Mr. Frith did not feel anything. He could not imagine why he had ever planned a play centre or why he had ever been interested in the safety and welfare of children. After the events of the past few hours Mr. Frith was prepared to hope that more and more children would take to playing on the roads.

It was about that same time of evening that Charlie realized he had made a mistake. It was a time when his mind was apt to be most active, searching for things that might delay going to bed.

"That salvage plan!" he exclaimed. "I remember now. It was folded up like a road map and I just managed to get it in the sack."

There was a brief debate on how important the plan was and how long it would take Charlie and Reg to slip down and retrieve it.

The old building in the town centre was deserted and dark but not locked up. The two boys walked among the high-stacked sacks of paper and tried to find one which had—so Charlie maintained—a bit of Louie's hair ribbon to tie it up.

"I wish I'd brought my torch," Reg said.

"It's all right," Charlie said. "I've got some matches. . . ."

The fire siren started up, alarmingly close, before they were half-way home. They turned back to have a look. When they reached it, the old building was belching flames and smoke, a big crowd was gathering and fire engines were clanging madly down Market Street.

"I thought I told you to stamp on every match!" Reg hissed.

"I did," Charlie said. "It was your idea to light the box when all the matches were gone."

"Didn't you stamp on that?"

"You didn't tell me to," Charlie said. "Besides, it burnt my fingers."

Reg was worried. "It's a good job we didn't find that paper and give it to anybody—they'd have known we'd been in, else."

"We'd better go," Charlie said. "Before they think it was us. . . ."

NO fire could have wished for a better foundation, and all the brigade could do was to stop it from spreading. Mr. Frith, wandering home, was attracted by the blaze. Mr. Sleazey, wearing cape and fireman's helmet, was standing in a privileged position among the trailing hoses. He did not seem in the least unhappy, but was gazing up at the roaring inferno as though it were the last, the biggest and easily the best function of the week.

"By gum, Sidney," he said, when he saw Mr. Frith, "this settles it! No more argy bargy about the old building, eh? We'll have a nice car park and insurance'll pay for it like as not. It's been a good week, Sidney, has this —*and* we achieved our target."

Charlie and Reg let themselves in.

"Did you find it?" Mrs. Pontweed asked, hearing them in the hall.

"No," Reg said.

"The place is on fire," Charlie added.

He said it as though that were the reason they had not found the paper.

"On fire!" Mrs. Pontweed cried. "My goodness! So that's why we heard the siren!" Then she looked at the two boys again. "What a lucky thing you weren't inside!"

The final catastrophe did not come to light until the children's bedtime. Mr. Pontweed, tired but still determined, came into the room carrying a pail of paste and a brush.

"Who's moved the wallpaper out of the spare room?" he demanded.

Mrs. Pontweed frowned. "It's in the shed, surely?"

"Oh, no. Not this time. I put it in the spare room to keep it safe."

"But that's where I put the paper for salvage!"

Mrs. Pontweed looked at Maudie, Maudie looked at the boys, the boys moved towards the door.

"I *thought* there was a lot of it!" Maudie said. THE END

THE CONQUEROR

Continued from page 13

hold him in honour, he would have wealth and many acres of land. And Amina, the headman's daughter. . . .

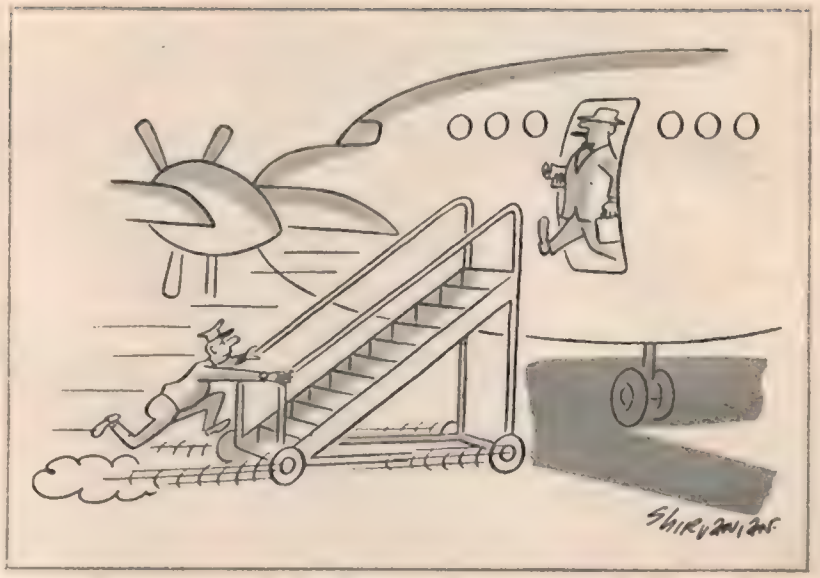
Abdul sighed, and sank upon his haunches the better to examine the padlock. In the kitchen was a crowbar. With it one could force the case open. In a matter of moments the charm would be in his hands.

It was pleasant to dream of a triumphant entry into his village, of marrying Amina. She would be decked with anklets of silver and a girdle of the same metal. And no more would she laugh at him as a landless youth.

A hoarse shout from the doorway brought the dreamer abruptly to his feet. Gregson, tired and thirsty, was demanding his tea.

"Asleep again in the coolest corner of the house! Come along, my lad. Earn your keep."

With a murmured excuse Abdul hurried to the kitchen, his visions dispelled. . . . His master was a strong man easily roused to anger. Even without the talisman he would probably remain a man of violence. As he prepared the tea Abdul reflectively rubbed his left ear. He retained a painful memory of the clout he had received when explaining to Gregson that a serious shortage of sugar in the store cupboard was undoubtedly attributable to rats. Yet he bore no grudge against Gregson. It was the artistry of his own lies that was at fault. But he decided that it would be most unwise to test the efficacy of that crowbar. Perhaps some other means of winning the charm would be found. His master might one day, in a fit of strange generosity, even present him with it.



AFTER six years of active service Gregson had readily accepted an appointment on a rubber estate in the East. He looked forward to a useful but unadventurous career. Within a few months he had discovered his mistake. Unrest gripped the land, and gangs of ruffians preyed upon the countryside.

Some men, tired of war and its aftermath, left their posts for safer corners of the world. Gregson and many others refused to panic. It was their job to clean up the mess. With depleted forces of tapping coolies and overseers they carried on. House servants fled to the comparative safety of the towns. But Abdul remained.

When Gregson asked why he, too, had not deserted he smiled faintly.

"While in this house I am safe." He was voicing his belief in the talisman. As an afterthought, he added: "And who would cook for you if I went?"

"You rate your virtues highly. Why, I could cook a better dinner than you threw at me last night." Gregson grinned wryly and clapped Abdul on the shoulder. "But you have guts. We'll make a hero of you yet."

"Hero? Please, what is that?"

"A brave man, a fellow who fights his enemies and beats them."

At those words the eyes of the young servant brightened. Was this a promise?

"Yes. A brave man. Much honour. You will help me?"

"I'll do my best for you, Abdul."

Gregson was touched by the seeming loyalty and courage of the youth. He remarked on it when next he called on the Superintendent of Police.

"H'm! Seems an unusual type to me," declared the policeman. "The trouble with most of the chaps round here is that they are scared stiff of their own shadows. A solitary Chink bandit could clear a whole village with no more than a nasty look. Don't try young Abdul too highly."

One morning Gregson was on a path close to the estate boundary. He had a pistol in a belt holster. As he passed along an aisle of rubber trees a tapper paused in his work and salaamed to him. The man pointed to another path. "That is the better way. This is a rough road."

"But it is the road I intend to follow," replied Gregson lightly, and he went on. Then he began to wonder what the coolie meant. Why did Orientals always speak in riddles?

Ahead, beyond the rubber, lay a bamboo thicket. A sudden movement amid the tall stems caused Gregson to fling himself to earth as a tommy-gun spat bullets. He saved himself by a fraction of a second.

The three Chinese bandits with the gun were inexpert. Seeing their victim lying in the dust they believed him to be dead. Shouting gleefully they ran towards him, the man with the gun in the lead. Lying on his side, one hand on the pistol in his belt, Gregson kept his eyes shut till he judged he couldn't miss, and then opened them and fired.

He picked off the tommy-gunner and one of the men with him. The other man turned and fled. A third shot accounted for him, too.

Within a few moments a dozen tapping coolies were on the spot. They rejoiced loudly at Gregson's escape and at his defeat of the bandits. But why had he been so rash? Had they not warned him of his danger? Had he not been begged to take another path?

To Abdul the incident caused no surprise. Gregson's feat was no more than he had expected. The owner of that charm must be invulnerable, a conqueror of all enemies.

"I was certain that no bandits could harm you, Master. Having seen that wonderful object of silver in your steel case I knew that you were safe."

"You knew a lot more than I did," Gregson told him. "That was more luck than judgment."

"Luck," repeated Abdul. Of course that was only another word for the magic thing. Good luck was conferred by the silver mascot with its engraved incantation of peculiar potency.

The affray had repercussions. Companions of the bandits taken by Gregson proclaimed their desire for revenge. Coolies remaining on the estate were intimidated, and there were more desertions. The village was emptied of its people.

OVER the whole district lay a tense air of suspense. In the rice fields beneath an unclouded sky men waited uneasily for they knew not what. Amid the rubber plantations and in the jungle, every moving shadow or rustling leaf quickened the pulse. Sudden death seemed to stand at each man's elbow.

Yet Abdul remained unafraid. He was amused because Gregson now carried a heavier calibre automatic pistol. The Sten gun of the stalwart Sikh ex-soldier who had been enrolled as Gregson's personal bodyguard was regarded by him as a joke. It was wholly unnecessary in Abdul's eyes.

He was never afraid to be left in the bungalow by himself. An utterly insignificant person like himself was of small interest to the bandits who sought a greater victim, Gregson.

When Gregson set off late one afternoon in response to a sudden summons from the police, Abdul settled himself upon the front steps of his bungalow. One of his master's cigarettes between his lips, he sat drowsily watching the westering sun fall behind the leafy crests of the rubber trees. It was very quiet. The extensive range of servants' quarters lying some fifty yards behind the bungalow was empty; it had been deserted for the last fortnight. And as he puffed pleasurably at the cigarette Abdul decided that he liked this new way of life. He had become one of the few who were superior to fear.

The shadows under the rows of trees deepened. They reached out into the clearing where the bungalow stood. Abdul lit another of Gregson's cigarettes and thought of the time when he would marry Amina. What kind of anklets should he give her? Hammered metal, or heavy-linked chains? Cassim, the silversmith, fashioned them cunningly.

Silently, a figure flitted between the trees. Abdul, concerned entirely with Amina, did not see the armed man halt just where the path debouched from the plantation; nor did he note that the first man was joined by others. It was only when the bandits advanced across the open space that he abruptly realized his danger.

"Where is the manager?" demanded the leader of the gang.

"I do not know," lied Abdul. He was not so certain now of the value of the talisman in the absence of its master. Furthermore, that talisman was locked away.

"We shall find him. Some of us will remain here. Others will be in hiding along the estate road."

"My master cannot be killed by such as you." Abdul flung out the words with a fine show of courage. It was an effort to do so, and the raucous laugh that met his speech gave him an empty feeling in the pit of his belly.

The leader thrust forward the muzzle of his tommy-gun. "We have a ready way of teaching respect to better men. No more insolence—get inside the house and keep away from the doors and windows. We want no signalling to the manager." Then, as the young servant hesitated, he jabbed at him with his gun.

Abdul obeyed the order. From a dim corner he watched two of the bandits take up positions on the veranda, carefully screening themselves behind chairs and tables. Others dispersed through the plantation.

What if these men began to loot the house and found that charm? Who, then, would profit? Surely it would be the hard-featured leader. On him would fall the mantle of magical power. Abdul saw himself at the mercy of this ruffian, all hope of his own success gone for ever. Amina would not be his. . . .

He must take the talisman himself, use the power it conferred. Somehow that case in his master's bedroom had to be opened. The crowbar. . . .

Moving soundlessly through the darkening rooms, the young man stole towards the kitchen at the back of the bungalow. He must not rouse the suspicions of the watchers on the veranda. Yet his trembling limbs persisted in colliding with chairs and tables.

His groping fingers searched amid the vague litter behind the kitchen door. A pot clattered to the floor. He paused, listening to the pounding of his heart. But against his hand was the rough iron of the bar. Seizing it, he crept towards his master's room.

In imagination he had often easily prised open the steel case. Now, working by his sense of touch alone and in enforced quiet, it was no simple matter. The lid of the case held fast.

A hinge snapped, and one of the bandits on the veranda called sharply for silence. Abdul paused in his work, feeling at the broken hinge and pulling on the lid of the case. Again he strained on the crowbar, confident now that in a few moments the talisman would be safe in his hands. The lid bent, then tore apart with a rasping snarl.

Scrabbling among the contents of the open case Abdul searched for the talisman. Behind him sounded footsteps, an angry voice. He gave them no heed. Here, before him, was all that was necessary to vanquish a hundred bandits. He had it! Thrusting it into his jacket he sprang up shouting exultantly.

Facing him was a man with a rifle. Abdul snatched at the weapon, confident of his power. A moment later, using the rifle as a club, he had felled the man.

Another opponent was outlined in the doorway against deep dusk. Abdul did not hesitate. Ahead was the path to glory, the road that led to honour, wealth, Amina. . . . He rushed upon the bandit, battering at him with the rifle butt. Down went his enemy, another victim of the talisman.

On the veranda the young man paused. Beyond, under the trees, more of his enemies were calling excitedly. They were running towards him. A tommy-gun began to chatter, bullets spraying across the veranda. Abdul laughed. No bullets could touch him.

Yelling defiance, he vaulted the veranda railing. In the open he met his enemies, swinging at them with the rifle. A skull cracked, and a man with a splintered shoulder-blade screamed. A knife ripped Abdul's sleeve, but he was unhurt. Nobody could harm him.

But the talisman was no safeguard against projecting tree roots. Abdul tripped, bumped his head, and knew nothing for the next ten minutes. . . .

THE police officer glanced at his wristwatch. "Time to go," he said. "Those beggars are now sitting round your bungalow, and we shall trap the lot."

The police party set off in three trucks which were halted before the estate was reached. Then, afoot, Gregson and his companions worked through the rubber towards the bungalow. The rattle of an automatic gun caused a momentary halt. But Gregson ran on as he heard an exultant cry.

"Hold on, Abdul. We're coming!"

The party broke into the clearing, their firearms blazing at a group of running bandits. It only remained to complete Abdul's victory.

"One man killed and another wounded in this bungalow. Outside, a second man killed and two more wounded. And not a scratch upon myself." Abdul proudly recited the tale of his victims as he lovingly fingered the silver inkstand. "Verily is this a marvellous charm."

Gregson nodded solemnly. "Big magic. And was that why you were so anxious to save it? I suppose you were doing it all for my sake."

"Yes, yes, Master," agreed Abdul hastily as he placed the inkstand on the table beside Gregson. It was saddening that he had enjoyed the use of the talisman for so short a time. Had he not proved its power? But what was his master saying?

"You have earned it, Abdul. It is yours. May it bring you all your desires."

The talisman—his! The world was his! Land, that place of honour in the village, Amina—all his! Abdul wept noisily as he gave thanks to Gregson.

"I am unconquerable!" he sobbed. "Powerful in love, deadly in battle."

"All right," said Gregson cheerfully. "I've seen you in battle. You've earned yourself a week off. Let's see how you get on with the other." THE END

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is such a change

FOR BREAKFAST—*FINE FOR SNACKS AND SUPPER TOO*

THE FAR COUNTRY

Continued from page 17

one person. I can manage alone, but please go very, very slow. I am afraid for splinters of the bone."

He got back into the rear portion and knelt down between his patients; Jack Dorman let the clutch in and the car moved off at walking pace. It took them half an hour to cover the three miles down to the lumber camp in the valley; they stopped twice upon the way for Zlinter to adjust the folded blanket that served as a pillow. It was sunset when the utility crept up to the office building.

JIM FORREST came out into the road to meet them. "The doctor's still at Woods Point," he said. "I got through to the hotel but he's not there; the place he's operating in isn't on the telephone. I left a message asking him to ring us here, soon as he could. I rang the hospital and asked if they could send a nurse out here. They can't do that; they've got one sick and another on holiday. The sister said we'd have to bring them into Banbury."

There was a silence. Everybody seemed to be expecting Zlinter to say something, and Carl Zlinter apparently had nothing to say. At last he got down from the back of the utility. "Please," he said, "may I come into your office, Mr. Forrest?"

"Sure."

In the bare, rather squalid room that was the office of the lumber camp the Czech turned and faced the manager. "This man is now very bad," he said quietly. "This man with the fractured skull. Mr. Dorman, he drives very carefully and very slow, but I have not been able to prevent the head from moving. There are broken bones, you understand, pieces of the skull that rub against the brain."

Jim Forrest made a grimace.

"The pulse is now worse," Zlinter said dispassionately, "and the colour of the face is worse also. The total condition is now seriously worse than when you saw him in the woods, by the accident. I do not think it is wise to take him into Banbury, another twelve miles, till he has had some attention."

"What sort of attention, Zlinter?"

"I think the head should be examined carefully, in clean and antiseptic surroundings, with good light. I think that we shall find a portion of the bone is pressing on the brain. If that is so, that portion must be lifted or removed entirely to relieve the pressure — the operation that we call trephine."

"Could you do that—lift that bit of bone you think wants lifting?"

"I have done that operation many times. In this country, I am not allowed to practise because I am not qualified. If the man should die in the end, there would be trouble, perhaps. I think it is for you to say what is to be done."

"If I said 'Have a go at it,' would you be willing?"

"I would be willing to do what I can for him," the Czech said.

"Even though it might mean trouble if the thing goes wrong?"

Zlinter smiled. "I have crossed that river already," he said. "I am in trouble now with the other man if things go wrong, for I have taken off his leg."

Jim Forrest nodded. "May as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb." He stood in silence for a minute, looking out of the dirty window at the golden lights outside as the sun went down. It would be dark before they could get this man to Banbury, which would not make the journey any easier for him. There was no guarantee that when they got him there he would receive attention before morning.

Too few doctors in the bloody country, he thought, and they tried to stop you using the ones you'd got. He turned suddenly from the window, and said: "You tell me what's best to do, Splinter, and I'll tell you to do it."

The dark foreigner laughed. "I think we take them to Hut Five," he said; that was a new hut, recently constructed and so reasonably clean, and there were empty rooms. "Two rooms we shall want, one for the amputation to lie in bed. The other with a bed and a long table from the mess-room, very clean, on which I can lay this man with the injured head while I examine him. When I have done that, I will tell you if I should go further with trephine, or if we can wait till the doctor comes. In that room I shall need a very bright light, with a long cord of flex from the lamp fitting." The camp was lit by electricity from a diesel generator.

"Right," said Forrest. "We'll get on with that, and give the bloody hospital away." He stepped briskly out of the office to the utility and started giving orders to the men. Carl Zlinter went to the door of the utility and spoke to Jennifer.

"Mr. Forrest has decided to make here a little hospital for the night," he said. He hesitated. "Will you be able to stay and help me?"

She said: "Of course I'll stay if I can help at all." She turned to Jack Dorman. "That's all right, isn't it?"

"Sure," he said. "Stay as long as you like. I'll probably go back and tell Jane, and then come back here. If you're going to work long you'd better have some tea."

Jennifer got out of the car. "What have we got to do?"

Two hours later, in a little hot room that was roughly hung with sheets and that stank of carbolic, Zlinter straightened up above the patient on the table. It had taken them most of that time to rig up their little hospital and make the surroundings roughly sterile. For the last half-hour Jennifer had held the electric light bulb in the positions that he told her, and had handed him the swabs and bowls and scissors that he needed from the office table behind her. It was airless and stuffy in the little room, for they had closed the window to keep out the dust and the bugs that flew in the Australian night. The girl from London was sweating freely and her clothes were clinging to her body; she was growing very tired.

"It is not good," said Zlinter. "No, it is not good at all." She could see that much, even with her untrained eye; now that the hair was cut away the huge, unnatural depression in the skull was an appalling sight.

"It is ver' hot," the man said. "Hang the lamp upon that nail, and we will go outside where it is cool."

IT was fresh outside the hut, and she felt better in the velvety night. Zlinter asked the darkness if Jim Forrest was there, and from the darkness somebody said that he would go and get him. Another voice asked: "How's he going on, Miss?"

She strained her eyes, but they were still dazzled by the light she had been holding and she could only see a dark blur of a figure. She temporized, and asked: "Which one?"

"Harry Peters," the voice said. "The one what got his head cracked."

"He's going on all right," she said. It was all that she could say.

"Bert Hanson, he's awake," another voice said. "I been talking to him."

In their preoccupation with the head injury they had rather forgotten the amputation lying in the next room where they had laid him in bed with blankets and hot bottles an hour before. Jennifer plucked Zlinter by the arm. "Did you hear that, Mr. Zlinter? They say the other man's awake!"

"Awake?" He turned back to the hut, and she followed him in. In the little room next to the head case the light was shaded with a towel roughly draped across the fixture. In the half light the man lay on his back as they had left him, but the eyes were open now, and looked at them with recognition.

"So," said Zlinter, "how are we now?" He took the hand and laid his finger on the pulse, and stood counting, looking at his wrist-watch.

The man's lips moved, and he said feebly: "Good old Splinter. . . . German bastard."

The Czech stood silent, smiling a little as he watched the second hand move round. Then he laid the hand down. "Do you feel any pain?"

"Kind of numb all up my leg," the man muttered.

"No sharp pain anywhere?"

The man said something that they could not hear; Zlinter bent to him and made him repeat it. Then he straightened up. "He's thirsty," he said to Jennifer. "Fetch a glass of water. There is a glass in the washroom." From the darkness outside a voice said audibly: "That'll be the first time Bert's tasted water in ten years."

"Tomorrow," Zlinter said, "the ambulance will come to take you into hospital at Banbury, but for tonight you will stay here. Lie very quiet now, and sleep again. If there is pain, call out; I shall be in the next room and I will come at once and give you something that will stop the pain, but I do not think you will have pain again tonight." Behind him Jennifer came with the water; he knelt and raised the head and gave the man a drink, but he took only a few sips. "Now rest, and go to sleep again," he said. "It is all right now."

There was a knock at the door, and Zlinter went out into the corridor with Jennifer; Jim Forrest was there. "This one is doing well," he said softly, "—the amputation. He is now conscious and resting. The other one, the head case, is not good. Will the doctor come tonight?"

The manager said: "His appendicitis case has turned out bad, Zlinter. Peritonitis, or something. He'll be back at the hotel about ten or eleven. He said to do the best you can, and he'll be out here in the morning."

ZLINTER stood silent for a minute. Then he said: "I would like you to come in and look at him, with me. You do not mind the sight of a bad wound?"

"That'll be right." They went into the room, and Jennifer followed. The manager, in spite of his assurance, drew his breath in sharply when he saw the extent of the injury. Zlinter moved his hand above the great depression. "The bone here is much depressed, as you will see," he said. "There is haemorrhage in the brain cavity also." He motioned to Jennifer to move the light; she held it above the face, putty-coloured and with a bluish tinge. "He is a bad colour," said Zlinter softly, "and the breathing is bad also, and the pulse is weak. I do not think this man will live until the morning in his present state. What do you think, Mr. Forrest?"

The manager said, "I don't know. I've never seen a thing like this before, Splinter. I should think you're right. He's dying now, isn't he?"

The Czech took them out into the corridor. When the door was shut, he said: "I have wanted you to see him now, Mr. Forrest, so that if he should not recover from the operation you can say how he was."

"You're going to operate, Splinter?"

The Czech nodded. "I am going to lift the bone, and perhaps take some of it away completely."

"Right. What do you want?"

Carl Zlinter turned to Jennifer. "Are you too tired to go on again? It will be long, perhaps two hours."

"I'll be all right," she said.

He smiled at her. "That is good." He turned to the manager. "We must eat before we start again," he said, "especially this lady. We shall need a small meal, very quickly now, because we must not wait. Some tea, and boiled eggs, perhaps—something that will be ready soon, in a few minutes. After that we will begin the work. We shall need much boiling water."

They went into the little room again at about a quarter to nine, freshened by a meal in the canteen and a cigarette. Heat, and not horror, was the enemy that Jennifer had to battle against in the next two hours. There was no fly-screen on the window and it was impossible to open it because of the moths and the flying beetles that crashed against the pane, attracted by the light. It was impossible to have the door open without sacrificing sterility.

Both worked in a steady drip of sweat, made more intense by the heat from the high-power lamp that Jennifer held most of the time in the positions that the surgeon told her. From time to time they rested and drank lukewarm water from a pitcher before going on.

Thinking it over afterwards, Jennifer

Book Society recommends The Far Country

NEVIL SHUTE'S *The Far Country* is collecting coveted literary awards. Already announced as the Book Society's Recommendation, it is also the London *Evening Standard's* Book of the Month, and negotiations are going on for the film rights. The first print order for this phenomenally successful novel was 150,000.

It is the sixth JOHN BULL serial to win a Book Society award. The others included Shute's previous best-seller, *A Town Like Alice* (which is to be filmed by Ealing Studios), Hammond Innes's *Campbell's Kingdom*, H. E. Bates's *The Jacaranda Tree*, and Nigel Balchin's *A Sort Of Traitors*.

Still to come in JOHN BULL'S record fiction programme for this year are new novels by Victor Canning and James Ramsey Ullman. These, too, are almost certain to win awards and become best-sellers.

The only way to make sure of reading these brilliant serials is to place a standing order for John Bull with your newsagent or bookstall at once.

TAKE MY TIP

WHEN no tweezers are handy to remove a splinter, I use the nib of an ordinary pen, or even a fountain pen.

I just put the nib point over the splinter, press down until the halves of the nib open, and then, by relaxing the pressure, I allow the nib to grip the splinter, and draw it gently out.—Mrs. L. Turvey, Heath End, Farnham, Surrey.

JOHN BULL pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

came to the conclusion that the heat made the experience easy for her. She was so miserably hot and uncomfortable that it was all that she could do to keep her wits about her to carry on handing him the things he wanted at the time he wanted them; she had no nervous energy left with which to be upset at what she saw.

It was a quarter past eleven by the time the head was finally bandaged. Zlinter went out into the corridor to get some help and with Forrest and Dorman and the two other men they lifted the patient in a sheet from the operating table to the bed, and laid him there. The men stood looking on while Zlinter felt the pulse.

Forrest said, "Looking better, isn't he, Splinter?"

The Czech said, "I think so, too. It is now a question of the operation shock. If he can live through that, I think he will recover and be well."

He turned to the door. "We will leave him for a little now. I shall come back later." He moved them out of the room and shut the door carefully behind them, and leaned for a moment limply against the wall. He said to Jennifer, "You must be very tired."

She was drenched with sweat, her clothes sticking to her body at every movement. "It was so hot in there," she said. She felt now as though she might be going to faint. "Let's get out into the air."

Jack Dorman took her arm, and they moved towards the door of the hut. Zlinter stopped at the room of the other man, and went in softly to look at his amputation case. The man was lying on his back, breathing deeply, sound asleep; he did not seem to have moved since Zlinter had seen him last. He lifted the sheet and glanced at the bandaged leg, and lowered the sheet again. "Good," he said softly to Forrest. "This one is all right." He moved to the door, and then stopped for a moment. "Do you smell anything?"

"Carbolic," said the manager.

"I thought I could smell whisky."

Jim Forrest laughed. "Too right, Splinter. Jack Dorman's got a bottle in his car—it's me you're smelling. Come out and have one."

Out in the forest night it was cool and fresh after the stuffiness of the small room. The air smelt wonderful after the stenches of the operating table. Jennifer felt better when they got outside; Jim Forrest fetched glasses from the canteen and she drank a small, weak whisky and water with the men, and felt better still. They stood smoking together and relaxing in the cool night air, letting the freshness cool and dry their bodies and their clothes, talking desultorily about the operation.

Once Jennifer asked, "Will he really recover, like an ordinary man?"

The Czech said, "He may. Not to do bulldozing again, perhaps, but for light work he may recover very well. There will be danger of paralysis, on the right side. We will see." He turned to the manager. "It is this man who is the student, is he not?"

"That's right," said Jim Forrest. "He's trying to save up to do a university course." He paused. "Should be able to, the money that one has to pay a bulldozer driver."

Jennifer asked, "What's he going to do at the university?"

"Metallurgy, I think." He turned to the Czech. "What about tonight, Splinter? Will he wake up?"

"I think he may, in two or three hours' time. I shall stay with him all night, myself."

Jennifer asked, "Will you want me again?"

He looked down at her. "Not again tonight," he said. "I could not have done very much for these men without your help. I find it wonderful that you have never been a nurse."

She smiled. "My father's a doctor," she said. "Perhaps that makes a difference."

"A doctor in England?" he asked.

"That's right," she replied. "He practises in Leicester."

"And you have helped him in his practice?"

She shook her head. "I know a little

bit from living in the house, of course. One can't help learning little bits of things."

"You have learned more than little bits of things," he said. "Now you must be very tired. You should go home and get some sleep."

She said: "I'd like to know what happens to them."

"Sure," he said. "Perhaps I may come in and tell you, at the homestead."

Jack Dorman said, "That's right. Come in for tea tomorrow or the next day."

"If I can, I will do that," he said.

She said simply, "I'll look forward to you coming."

She got into the utility, and Jack Dorman drove her home. She had not realized how tired she was. The moment she relaxed, fatigue swept over her. She was hardly aware of the shower she took, the meal she ate. In bed she fell asleep at once.

At the lumber camp after the utility had gone, Carl Zlinter sat on the steps of the hut in the cool, velvety night talking to the manager. Jack Dorman had left the remains of his bottle of whisky with them to finish off; the Czech had a second but refused a third. "I should sleep if I drink more," he told Jim Forrest, "and I must stay awake tonight. Presently this man, he will wake up and I must be with him then."

Presently Jim Forrest went back to his house to bed; Carl Zlinter finished his cigarette and went back to the hut. He looked in on his amputation case; the man was still in the same position, apparently asleep; from the door Zlinter could hear the even, regular breathing. He did not go in or make any close examination; better to let him sleep.

An hour later, about one in the morning, the head operation case became conscious; once or twice the eyes opened and closed. The colour and the breathing were now much better.

Presently the lips moved; the man was trying to say something.

Carl Zlinter bent beside him. "Don't talk, Harry," he said. "Don't move about. You got a blow upon your head, but you're right now. Don't try to talk or move about. Just lie quietly as you are, and rest. You're right now."

He could not make out if the man had understood or not; the lips moved again and he bent to try and hear what he was saying. But now there was a humming in the air, unmelodious but recognizable as a tune. In one of the cubicles of the hut somebody was humming or chanting to himself in a low tone, "God Save The King."

It was impossible for the Czech to hear if his patient was speaking, or if the lips were merely moving by some reflex originating from the damaged brain. He got to his feet in annoyance; the men in the hut were all good types and they knew very well that there were critically ill men in the hut with them. They should know better than to make a row like that in the middle of the night. He went out into the corridor to find out where the noise was coming from and to stop it.

It was coming from the next-door cubicle that housed his amputation case.

He opened the door. In the dim, shaded light Bert Hanson was lying on his back awake, maundering through "God Save The King" in low, alcoholic tones, and beating time with one hand. The air was heavy with the aroma of whisky. He took no notice of the doctor, but continued beating time and singing, his eyes half closed, the voice getting stronger and the tune louder with every minute.

Thy choicess gifts in store
On him beplea stupore . . .

Zlinter went into the room and plucked the towel from the lamp; the room was flooded with light. He saw a lump under the bedclothes, turned them back, and there was the bottle, uncorked and practically empty. He dropped it on the floor with tightened lips, wondering if his patient had drunk the whole of it.

The man said genially in a strong voice: "Good old Splinter. Good old bastard!" He burst into laughter in an access of *bonhomie*. "Come on, le's sing 'God Save the King' together, and to hell with the Germans!"

A man appeared in the corridor dressed in pyjama trousers and no top. "Want any help, Splinter?"

"This *verdamnt* stupid bloody fool," said the Czech angrily, "somebody has given him a bottle of whisky. We must keep him quiet, for his own sake and for the man next door."

The next two hours were a nightmare. At an early stage Zlinter sent a man to fetch Forrest from his house; by the time he came running the pandemonium was terrific, with three men fighting to keep Bert Hanson in his bed, with Zlinter himself attempting to keep his trephine case quiet and tranquil in the next room behind a beaverboard wall. The man was frantically, fighting drunk; at one stage he got hold of the bottle and used it as a club till it broke, mercifully, upon the wall beside him. It was with the greatest difficulty that they got the jagged, broken neck out of his hand.

Jim Forrest said to Zlinter at the height of it, "You'll have to give him something. Morphia."

The Czech said, "I do not think that will be good. When this is over, there will be reaction, and he will be very weak. I do not think that any drug will work while there is so much alcohol, unless to give it in a great dose that would kill him later."

"What the hell are we going to do with him?" Forrest asked, horrified.

"Hold him until the thing passes. If these men grow tired, get other men."

"How's Harry going on?"

"He is going on ver' well. It would be better for him if there was less noise."

At about three o'clock, and almost suddenly, the man stopped struggling and shouting, and entered on a stage of collapse. Carl Zlinter left his trephine case and gave his whole attention to his amputation drunk. The heart was now very weak. The man lay in a stupor of weakness, gradually sinking. At about four o'clock Zlinter gave an injection of strychnine, which only had a very temporary, slight effect.

At about half-past five, in the first light of dawn, Bert Hanson died.

It is the duty of the police to take note of all serious accidents occurring in their district, and Sister Fellowes at the hospital at Banbury had rung up Sergeant Russell the previous evening to tell him there had been an accident at Lamirra, and that the doctor was away at Woods Point on an operation case.

The police got to the lumber camp at about half-past seven in the morning.

They found a Czech lumberman utterly exhausted, who had conducted two major operations without any valid medical qualifications whatsoever, and they found one of the patients dead and in a shocking state of death, for there had been little time or energy to clean the body up. The other patient, on whom a major head operation had been performed, was clearly very ill and, in the view of the police sergeant, probably dying, too.

The whole thing was irregular and possibly criminal. In any case the coroner would have to be informed, and there must be an inquest.

Dr. Jennings arrived direct from Woods Point half an hour after the police.

He found them taking statements from Jim Forrest and Carl Zlinter in the canteen hut, Zlinter having refused point blank to go to the office of the lumber company, half a mile from his patient. When the doctor came in he got up from the table. "This can wait," he said to the police sergeant, with small courtesy, for he was very tired. "There are now more important things that must be done."

He walked out of the canteen, and took the doctor over to the trephine case at once. Jim Forrest turned to the sergeant. "He's right, Sarge. He's got to hand over this case to the doctor. Maybe I can go on telling you what happened."

The sergeant thumbed his note-book. "How long have you employed this man?"

"Aw, look—I couldn't say for certain. September or October, a year back, I think. Fifteen or sixteen months, maybe."

"Has he acted as a doctor before?"

"Well, what do you think?" said the manager. "If you had a doctor working as a lumberman, you'd use him if a chap got hurt, wouldn't you? Cuts and sprains and bruises and that? Anything serious gets sent into the hospital. We haven't had a real accident before this one."

The sergeant wrote in his book. "Did you know this man wasn't registered as a doctor in Victoria?" he asked presently.

"Sure," said the manager. "I got him as a labourer through the immigration office. If he was a doctor he'd have been doctoring."

"When did you start using him as a doctor?"

"Aw, look—I forget. He's been a labourer all along. Then men started going to him for cuts and sprains and that—things it wouldn't be worth going into Banbury for, or getting Dr. Jennings out here. He started coming to me for bandages and stuff, so I made over the first-aid box to him and got a lot more stuff he said we ought to have. It just grew up, you might say."

"Did you ever make any inquiry into his medical qualifications?"

"Only what he told me, Sarge. He said he'd been a doctor in his own country, in Prague or Pilsen or some

Margaret Lockwood TAKES A VIVID VIEW OF FASHION

Colours flash and glow in Margaret Lockwood's wardrobe—bright silks and royal velvets vie as a foil to black. Here, she wears a wonderfully soft wool stole woven in lambent red and green, that captures all the warmth and drama of Spain. "Lux care keeps it soft—and the colours exquisitely true," she says.

She keeps all her things
Soft and bright with Lux

MARGARET LOCKWOOD has the theatre in her heart; it is her first love. As a small girl learning her first lines at Italia Conti's famous school of acting she hitched her wagon to a bright star and never let it out of sight. Before the cameras the play's the thing to her, and in private life, too, she carries a heightened sense of drama into her choice of clothes. Vivid colours that splash brightly across classic black, the *definite* line of fashion, reed-slim or widely swirling like a flower, these are her delight.

Here, she subtly plays up her almost Spanish good looks with a knife-slim skirt, an asymmetrical black jersey top that leaves one shoulder bare—and adds the gesture of a brilliant stole in stained-glass red and green to light up her nut-brown hair and emerald eyes. She wears it dashingly, like a matador his cloak, and against her smooth bare shoulder she tucks a single crimson rose. "Exquisitely coloured accessories fascinate me," says Miss Lockwood. "I collect them as I collect jewellery—and they give me just as much pleasure! I make sure that *all* my pretty clothes are washed frequently in Lux to keep them soft and bright as when they first were new. Only Lux is safe enough to care for my most precious things."

Miss Lockwood knows that Lux is as mild as a baby soap—it contains no soda or harsh chemicals to spoil the soft feel of fabrics. Your hands, too, stay soft and white. You'll find the new Magnum-size Lux will last you ages, and save your shopping time. And you can do more washing with Lux than you can with other washing products, so you can see what an economy it will be!

True clear yellow is a vital and exciting colour that Margaret Lockwood loves to wear. As in nearly all her clothes, the lines of this little blouse are simple—the colour everything. "Lux keeps it sweet and soft," she says, "and the colour really does *stay bright as new."*

White satin quilted into a snowflake-light bed jacket, a drift of chiffon falling softly as white petals into a gentle collar, and bouffant, wrist-caught sleeves. "This is my greatest luxury," says Margaret Lockwood, "and only gentle Lux is safe enough to take care of it. I see that Lux is used for all *my most fragile things."*

LX 3047A-80

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

place like that. And in the German Army. He told me from the first he wasn't allowed to practise in Australia. I knew that, anyway."

"Did you authorize him to do this operation?"

"Which one?"

"Well—both. Let's say the man who died—the amputation—first."

"He asked me, and I told him that he'd better go ahead and take the foot off. We couldn't get a doctor. We couldn't even get a nurse out from the hospital. Look, Sarge, it was like this. . . ."

Sergeant Russell said presently: "I don't want you to think I'm making trouble, Jim. I got to get the facts right for the coroner, because there'll have to be an inquest. There's no doctor that can sign a death certificate. I got to get the facts." He thumbed over his book and sat in silence for a minute or two, reading through his notes. "These operations," he said. "How long did they take?"

The manager thought for a moment. "Aw, look—I couldn't say. The foot was pretty quick—twenty minutes, maybe not so long as that. The other one was much longer—two hours, I'd say, or longer than that."

The sergeant wrote it down. "Did you help him?"

"No."

Sergeant Russell raised his head and looked the manager in the eyes, sensing prevarication. "Who did help him? He didn't do operations of that sort all on his own?"

"There was a girl there," the manager said. "An English girl staying with Jack Dorman. She was in the utility with him. She gave a hand."

"What's her name?"

"I don't know. Jack called her Jenny, I think. She was English."

"Is she here?"

"She went back to Leonora last night, with Jack, about midnight. She's probably there now."

"I'll look in and see her," the sergeant said, "on my way back."

He glanced over his notes. "I'll have to see this man Zlinter again," he said. "I'll have to know the medical degrees he's got in his own country—that'll come into it. I think that's all the questions."

"There's one you haven't asked, Sarge," said Jim Forrest, getting up.

"What's that?"

"Who gave Bert the bloody booze?" the manager said. "I'd like to know the answer to that one."

IN the hut Dr. Jennings and Carl Zlinter were debating the same point, standing and looking dispassionately at the body of Bert Hanson. "Too bad this had to happen," said the doctor. "He's been an alcoholic for some time, I'd say. We'll probably find an enlarged liver at the post-mortem. Have you any idea how he got the stuff?"

The Czech shrugged his shoulders. "There were his cobbers all around, all night, here in the corridor," he said. "I was operating in the next room, and I could not see. It must have been in that time."

The doctor looked at the broken bottle still lying on the floor. "He probably drank a whole bottle." He stood in silence for a minute, and then pulled the sheet over the body. "There'll have to be an inquest, Zlinter," he said at last.

The Czech nodded. "They will be angry because I have done operations, I suppose."

"It's going to have to be explained and put in the proper light. You don't have to worry about anything, though you'll probably have to give evidence."

Jennifer was still in bed when the police car drove up to the homestead at about half-past eight. Jane made Sergeant Russell comfortable with a cup of tea in the kitchen, and went to call Jennifer. "Jenny," she said, "you'll have to get up, my dear. You'll be sorry to hear that one of those men died, the one with the amputated foot. The police sergeant's here, and he wants to ask you a few questions about what happened."

Jennifer sat up, dumbfounded. "He *couldn't* have died," she exclaimed. "He was getting on splendidly. It was the other one who was in a bad way."

"That's what he says, my dear. You'd better get up and put some clothes on and come out and see him. I've sent Mario to find Jack, to come along as well."

Ten minutes later Jennifer was sitting at the table with a cup of tea, facing the sergeant, who told her about the whisky. "It's just a matter of form, miss," he said. "I've got to make out a report for the coroner on all this. I understand you helped this man Carl Zlinter to do both operations?"

She nodded. "That's right."

"Had you ever helped him to do an operation before?"

She stared at him. "Of course not. I only met him yesterday, for the first time. I've only been in this country about ten days."

He wrote in his book. "That's right," he said equably. "It's just these questions that I have to ask. Now what made you help him this time?"

She hesitated, not quite knowing where to begin. "Well—I suppose because my hands were cleaner than anybody else's. Look, Sergeant—this is what happened. . . ."

JACK DORMAN came into the kitchen while she was telling her story; Jane briefed him in a whisper with what was going on. He pulled up a chair and sat down to listen. Jennifer came to the end of her story, and the sergeant made a note or two, and looked back at his notes of what Jim Forrest had said. There was no real discrepancy, which was satisfactory. He said, "That's all clear enough, Miss Morton. Now there's just one or two things arising out of that. Did this man tell you at any time that he wasn't a registered doctor?"

She wrinkled her forehead. "I remember he told me that I mustn't call him a doctor . . . some time or other." She sat in thought for a moment. "I'm afraid I can't remember," she said.

"You did know that, miss? You knew he wasn't supposed to do operations?"

"Yes," she said. "I knew that."

He made a note in his book. "Then why did you help him to do the operations?" he asked.

She stared at him. "Well—*someone* had to help him."

Jack Dorman broke in, "Aw, look, Sergeant. There was no other doctor and someone had to do something. Jim Forrest tried all ends up to get Dr. Jennings. In the end we just had to do the best we could without a proper doctor. Jenny here gave him a hand. I'd have given him a hand myself, but she could do it much better. You don't think we should have let 'em lie until the doctor came this morning, do you?"

The sergeant closed his book. "It doesn't matter what I think, Jack," he said. "I'm just the copper. It's what the coroner thinks that matters, and he's got to have the facts. I'm not saying that in Jim Forrest's shoes I wouldn't have done the same as he did, or in this young lady's shoes, either. But if the coroner thinks different when he hears the facts of this man's death, there could be a charge of manslaughter against Carl Zlinter, oh my word. Now that's the truth of it."

He went away, leaving them dumbfounded.

Jennifer said, as they watched the car departing through the gates, "It *can't* be as he said. They couldn't be so stupid."

Jack Dorman scratched his head. "What does he think we ought to have done—left 'em lying till the doctor came?"

She said, "I'm so sorry for Carl Zlinter if they're going on like this. It must be beastly for him, and he's not deserved it."

The fire that had burned in Lieutenant Dorman thirty years before flared up again. "If they start anything against that chap I'll raise the bloody roof," he said evenly. "Pack of bloody wowsers. I never heard of such a thing."

Jennifer said, "If it should come to manslaughter—I can't see how it could, but if it should—I'd be in it, too, wouldn't I? I mean, I helped him do the operations."

Jane said: "Oh no, they'd never bring you into it, dear. You only helped—you didn't do anything yourself. I'm sure we could keep you out of it."

"I don't want to be kept out of it," the girl said. "I was glad to be in it last night, and I'm glad to be in it still. I think it was the right thing to do." She turned to Jack Dorman. "I would like to have a talk with him about what's going to happen—with Carl Zlinter. He said he'd come round here today, but if there's a row on he may not come."

Jack Dorman said, "I might take a run up the road and have a talk with Jim Forrest. If Zlinter's there, I'll tell him we're expecting him."

He got into his utility presently and went up to Lamirra; he found Jim Forrest in his office. "Morning, Jim," he said. "We've had the police sergeant at our place, asking Jenny all about last night."

"Pack of bloody nonsense," the manager said. "He hasn't got enough to do. I've been trying to find the bloody fool that gave Bert Hanson the whisky, but I'll never do it."

"How does Zlinter stand?"

"I don't know. They say he could be up for manslaughter. But we've got Doc Jennings on our side."

"He's satisfied that what was done was right, is he?"

"I think so. They've gone into Banbury now with Harry in the ambulance, him and Zlinter. They took Bert Hanson in the bottom bunk; he's going to do a post-mortem on him after he's got Harry fixed up right. I said I'd go in tomorrow afternoon and get the news."

"I'd like to come in with you," Dorman said. "My girl Jenny's all mixed up in this, if it should come to manslaughter."

The manager stared at him. "Oh my word," he said. "It couldn't go that far."

"It could if we don't watch it," said Jack Dorman.

CARL ZLINTER walked up from the road to Leonora homestead at about three o'clock that afternoon, dressed in a shabby grey suit of Continental cut; it was hot coming across the paddocks from the road in the blazing sun, and he carried his coat over his arm. Jennifer, sitting in a deck-chair on the veranda, saw him coming, and went to the last gate to meet him. "Come sit in the shade," she said. "You look hot."

She was wearing a clean summer frock and her legs were bare; she looked cool and pretty; the sun lit up the auburn colours in her hair. It was many years since Carl Zlinter had talked to a well-dressed girl and he was rather shy of her; in the camps that he had lived in for so long in Europe women had not dressed like that. He took courage from the memory of the sweating girl who had helped him a few hours before, and went with her to the veranda, where Jennifer introduced him to Jane. They sat down together in the deckchairs.

He wiped his forehead with a handkerchief. "It is ver' beautiful here," he said. "For me, this is a very lovely piece of country, just this part around here, between Mount Buller and the town of Banbury, with the rivers, the Howqua and the Delatite. I would be happy to stay here all my life."

Jennifer smiled. "But not as a lumberman."

He looked at her, smiling also. "There are worse things than to be a lumberman," he said. "It is not what I was educated for. But if I may not be a doctor here, I would rather be a lumberman in beautiful country such as this than work in the city."

The girl said, "It's such a waste for a man like you to have to work in the woods. How long will it be, after your two years are up, before you can be a doctor again?"

He said, "I do not think that I shall ever be a doctor in Australia."

"Why not?"

"It costs too much," he said. "It is necessary for a foreign doctor to do three years of medical training again, in a Melbourne hospital, before he may practise in this country. That would cost fifteen hundred pounds, and that I have not got, and I shall never have. If I should have the money, it would then be very difficult to get a place in a hospital, because the hospitals are full with your Australian doctors."

"But what an idiotic regulation!"

He looked at her, smiling at her indignation for him. "It is not so idiotic," he said. "There must be some rule. The doctors from some countries are ver' bad. I would not like you to be treated by a Rumanian doctor, or a doctor from Albania."

Jane asked, "What do you think

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

MY MOTHER made this costume for me when I was eleven and about to join the "Kracker Kids Kabaret." Green lamé it was, with pink flowers. What horrible hair I had!

I had always been busy singing and dancing, and knew five songs, including "Peggy O'Neil" and "K-K-K-Katy," before I was three. An entertainer friend of the family asked my parents if I could go with him to do my stuff at his concerts, and I got 7s. 6d. for three songs, and 1s. 6d. more for an encore. My father, who was a plumber, and mother, who did dressmaking, were only too pleased to have it. They put it away for my clothes and my holidays.

Because I was always very straight-faced, mother used to stand in the wings and whisper, "Go on, smile, smile!" When I came off, I used to answer, "How can I smile when I'm supposed to be singing a sad song?"

At school they thought I had a terrible voice, but they always put me in front because I opened my mouth nice and wide. The trouble was that I could not sing in their keys; and I still have to have everything transposed three or four keys. Then, one embarrassing day, when I was fourteen, my voice started breaking. In the middle of a song I suddenly started sounding like a boy, then a girl, and then a boy again. I had laryngitis and could not speak for a month. When I got my voice back it was slightly lower, and not so noisy.

The Kracker Kids Kabaret was disbanded when I was fifteen, so I continued on my own. Then, at sixteen, I graduated to the adult class and began singing with a dance band.

Today she is a famous popular singer. For her name, see page 31

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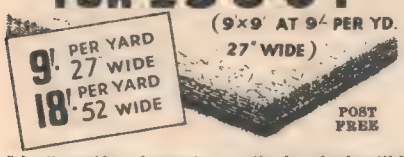

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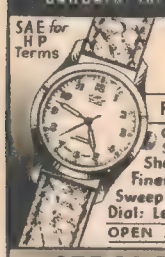

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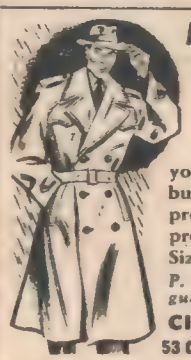

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you'll do when your two years are up?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I do not know. Perhaps I shall stay on and be a lumberman for ever."

Jane changed the subject. "Tell me," she said, "how's your patient getting on—the one with the fractured skull?"

"I think he will recover," he said. "We took an X-ray at the hospital and then we took off the dressings so that Doctor Jennings could see what had been done, and he was happy; he did not want to do anything else. We made all clean and more sterile with the better equipment at the hospital. If that one does not drink a bottle of whisky I think he will be well."

"He wouldn't want to, would he?" Jennifer asked. "You said that he was a better type than the man with the foot."

"Did I say that? I think that is true. Doctor Jennings is to do a post-mortem on the man who died this afternoon. I think that he expects to find cirrhosis of the liver."

"It'll be rather a good thing if he does find that, won't it?" she asked. "If it proves he was a bad life, anyway?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I do not think it matters a great deal. He died because he drank a bottle of whisky after amputation."

THERE was a little silence. "The police sergeant was here today," she said. "He wanted me to answer a lot of questions."

He looked up. "I am ver' sorry. Is that because you helped me in the operating?"

She nodded. "I'm not sorry a bit. If there's going to be a row I'm quite willing to be in it."

"There's no reason for you to be in it," he said. "You did nothing but to hand things to me when I wanted them, and hold the light. I shall say to the police that you had nothing to do with the operation."

"I don't mind getting into trouble with the police a bit," she said. "I think I'd rather like to. It was a good thing to have helped in, and I'm glad I did it. I'd rather like to have the chance of getting up in court, or somewhere, to say that."

"It's her red hair, Mr. Zlinter," Jane remarked. "Quarrelsome young person, isn't she? You'd think she was an Australian."

There was a step on the veranda behind them, and Jack Dorman appeared. "How do, Zlinter," he said. "Been fishing again yet?"

"I was on the Howqua river last Saturday and Sunday," the Czech said, "but it is now too hot. I only caught two little fishes, and those I set free to grow bigger."

The grazier glanced at Jennifer. "Has he been telling you how he found his own grave?"

"Found his own grave?" she exclaimed.

The Czech laughed, a little embarrassed. "It is nothing."

The girl said, "Do tell me."

"It is a stupid thing," he said. "Have you been into the valley of the Howqua River, Miss Morton?"

"The name's Jenny," she said. "I've not been there yet. That's the next valley, isn't it—over those hills?"

"That is the one," he said. "It is very wild because there is no road to it, and very few people have been there. But once there was a town, a gold-mining town. It was burnt long ago. Only the stones in the old cemetery are there still, because those the fire would not burn. And on one of the stones there is an inscription with my own name, and my town in Czechoslovakia."

He reached for his coat on the floor beside his chair, and took a wallet from the inside pocket. "I have copied the inscription." He took a paper, unfolded it, and handed it to her. "That is what is written on the stone."

Jane Dorman leaned over, and they read it together. The girl said, "Charlie Zlinter and his dog. What an extraordinary thing! Is your name Charlie?"

"Carl," he replied, "and I was born in Pilsen, but not in 1869." He paused. "It is not so very extraordinary," he said. "We were a large family with

many branches in Pilsen, and many people from Pilsen emigrated in this last century, when times were hard. The extraordinary thing is that I should have found the grave, I myself, with the same name."

"Why did it say, Charlie Zlinter and his dog?" asked Jennifer. "Was the dog buried with him?"

"I do not know. I would like to know, ver' much."

Jack Dorman said, "I think you'll have a job to find out much now, after fifty years."

"There would not be a record of deaths in the shire?"

"What about the parish register?" the girl asked.

"I doubt it," Dorman said slowly. "I never heard there was a church in Howqua. The nearest church would be in Banbury—if there was one there then. I shouldn't think that they'd have taken much account of what went on at Howqua. There *might* have been a shire officer there, but I rather doubt it. These gold-mining towns were pretty free and easy in those days. The only thing would be to find somebody who was living in the Howqua at the time. They might remember something about this Charlie Zlinter, some old person."

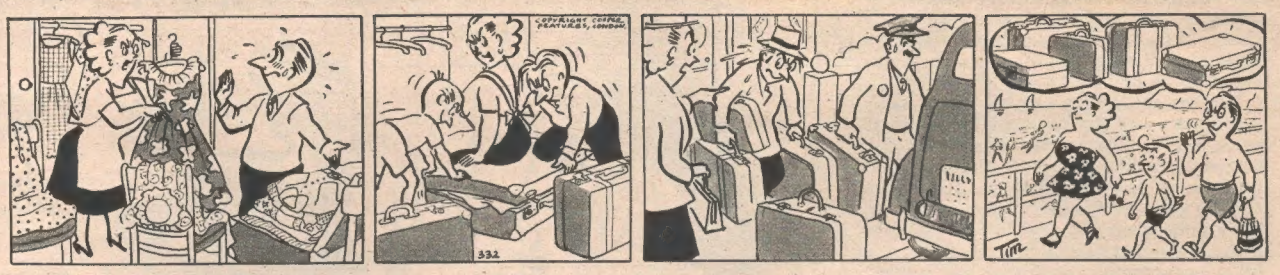
"Would it be easy to find such an old person?"

"I shouldn't think it would. Those gold-mining towns, they weren't settled places, if you know what I mean. People went there to take up claims and work the gold; if it didn't work out right for them, they went off to some other place."

The Czech said quietly, "That is very bad luck."

He seemed so disappointed, that

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



Jennifer asked, "Is it very important?"

He smiled at her. "It is not important at all," he said. "Only, if a member of my family had been here before me, I would like to know."

Presently Jane went to the kitchen door and rang the handbell on the veranda to warn Tim and Mario that it was five o'clock and time to knock off for tea. Jack Dorman took the Czech off for a wash. Presently Zlinter came back to the veranda and found Jennifer there alone.

He said, laughing, "I must try to remember the way to behave. This will be the first time that I have eaten in a private house since I left Germany, nearly two years."

She was appalled at the casual statement. "Is that really true?"

"But, yes. I do not think that I know anybody in Australia yet, although I have been here for fifteen months. Hotels and bars and cinemas —I know those. This is the first time that I have entered a person's home."

She did not know what to say. "I suppose you don't meet many people, living up there in the camp?"

He smiled. "Ordinary people keep away from camps, and sometimes for good reason. And I have spent much of my life in camps. Since 1939 I have lived always in camps, with practically no break. I really do not know how ordinary people live." He laughed.

Over the meal they talked of small, casual matters of the countryside and afterwards, in the cool of the evening, they sat on the veranda, smoking. When in the dusk he took his leave, Jennifer strolled across the paddocks with him to the road.

She knew the matter of Charlie Zlinter and his dog was still upon his mind, and she raised the subject for him, in case he wanted to talk about it. "It's funny about that headstone," she said. "Charlie Zlinter."

"I would like to find out something about Charlie Zlinter," he said. "I think he must have been related to me in some way. All of the Zlinters in Pilsen are uncles or cousins of each other."

She laughed. "I believe you've been making it all up. I don't believe there's any such person, really."

He laughed with her. "I promise you, it is true. I would say that I would take you there and show you the stone, but it is ten miles to walk and ten miles back. Some day when Mr. Dorman goes with Mr. Fisher in the Land Rover to fish in the Howqua you must come with him, and I will show you the stone."

"That's a bet," she said. "I'd like to do that some day."

At the gate on to the road he turned to her. "Now I must say goodbye. I am afraid that I have been awkward in company this evening, and I ask if you will forgive me."

"You've not been awkward a bit," she said. "You've been very interesting, and very charming, Mr. Zlinter. I hope you'll come again."

"Good night, Miss Jennifer," he said formally. "Thank you again for all that you have done for me."

She walked back across the paddocks deep in thought. She found Jane sitting on the veranda with Jack Dorman. She had the impression that they had been talking about her. The atmosphere seemed a little strained. Presently Jane said, "I rather like Carl Zlinter."

To be continued next week

ONE OF OUR SUBMARINES

Continued from page 9

can keep a look-out for aircraft," said the captain.

All too soon the captain ordered "Surface," and the submarine swung round on to a course for home. Comparing notes with the others, I found that neither of them quite shared my feeling of excitement. Harold confessed to having experienced a strong sense of claustrophobia, but thought that perhaps in time he might get over it. For myself, I was filled with exultation. I had been to sea in a submarine; I had dived; I had looked through the periscope. Not many of my contemporaries could say as much. I began to like the idea of serving in submarines.

First we had to serve our two months in destroyers, above water. But at last, about the end of July, the signal came appointing me to H.M.S. *Dolphin*. But I arrived at Fort Blockhouse without my two R.N.V.R. friends from *King Alfred*, for in the meantime Harold had, quite rightly, not felt justified in going any farther with submarines in view of his proneness to claustrophobia; and the third member of our trio had been reported as "temperamentally unsuitable for submarines" by his destroyer C.O., himself an ex-submariner.

And so it was that, by pure chance, I became the first officer of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve to enter the submarine service.

Navy's Oldest Submarine

At the end of the course we were posted to various submarines. Three of us—Dearden, Tait and myself—were appointed to the pair of H-boats based on Harwich and operating against German coastal shipping along the Dutch coast. Dearden joined *H.49*, our sister ship, at Harwich and went straight off on patrol; Jock Tait and I found our way to Sheerness, where *H.28* was just completing a refit before resuming her North Sea patrols.

H.28 was the oldest and one of the smallest submarines in the Royal Navy; she was built in 1918. Our captain, Lieutenant M. R. G. Wingfield, had only recently completed his C.O.'s course, and *H.28*'s next patrol would be his first in command. Challis, the first lieutenant, had several war patrols to his credit, but about half the crew were fresh from training class and some of them had never before been to sea. Such was the country's desperate lack of trained men in 1940.

It was a grey October morning when in *H.28* I set off from Harwich on my first patrol. We pushed off down the river to the open sea and took station astern of the Admiralty trawler that was to escort us out.

The visibility was poor, and a chilly east wind was knocking up the usual North Sea chop. All day we zig-zagged up the coast until, in the late afternoon, we reached the beginning of the secret route through the east coast mine barrier. Our trawler here parted company, flashing us a final "Good hunting" as she turned away in the falling dusk. Now we were really alone. We pointed our nose eastward and shaped a course towards the enemy across the no-man's-land of the North Sea.

After an uneventful passage, we reached our billet. We dived shortly before dawn a little way out from the Dutch coast and crept in towards it during the day. The sea was calm, the sky grey, and the visibility indifferent. By noon we had sighted the low-lying land, and turned to patrol up and down a five-mile line parallel with the shore, waiting for something to come along.

I now had to learn the arduous art of keeping watch through the periscope. It was with a disturbing mixture of apprehension, pride and curiosity that I went into the control-room to take over my watch from Number One for the first time. He took me first to the chart-table, an uncomfortably small space in the passage-way leading forrard, pointed out our position on the chart and the landmarks on which I must take a fix every half-hour, and then showed me those landmarks through the periscope to make sure I could identify them. Finally, with a cheery "She's all yours, chum," he retired to the wardroom and left *me* in charge of the ship.

"Up periscope," I said, trying to make it sound like an order I had been giving for a long time. First, following the standard periscope drill, I had a quick look all round in low power. Satisfied that no ships or aircraft were close to us, I followed this by a slow, careful search in high power of one quarter of the horizon.

As I turned the periscope, my panoramic eye, seemingly pivoted a few inches above the gently heaving water, sometimes obscured as a wave lapped over the top lens, moved slowly across the empty edge of the grey horizon, looking for the mast-head or the breath of smoke that might announce the approach of a target. Then another all-round sweep in low power to make sure that nothing had crept up behind me. Then "down periscope." Then again "up periscope," a quick all-round sweep, and a thorough examination of the next ninety degrees of horizon.

All the time, when you were keeping periscope watch, you had to take care that you were not showing more than a few inches of periscope. If the planesman did not keep to the exact depth of thirty feet, whether from lack of skill or attention, or because the boat was not properly trimmed, you might find the periscope sticking up several feet out of the water, with the danger of being sighted through some shore-watcher's telescope. As officer of the watch, therefore, besides watching for the enemy and taking a periodical navigational fix, you had to keep a severe eye on the depth-keeping.

Two hours of periscope watch were enough. It was more of a strain than it sounds, particularly at first, when the muscles of the eyes were not used to such meticulous, thoughtful searching. After a long period of nothing sighted it is easy to submit to a softening of the will-power. You cease to believe in the imminence of danger or of a target.

It fell to Jock Tait to make our first sighting. I was dozing in my bunk in the wardroom, after lunch on the third day, when I was woken by a cry of "Captain in the control-room!" Wingfield was out of his bunk and at the periscope in a flash. Number One and I strained our ears to listen to what was going on. We heard the captain's "What is it, Pilot?" and Jock's reply: "A mast, I think, sir." A pause, and then the captain again: "Ah, there he is. Well done, Pilot. Hallo, here's another one. Right. . . . Diving stations!"

Sprang To Life

As the order was repeated forrard and aft, the submarine sprang to life with a rush of men hurrying to their stations. Number One took over the depth-keeping, standing behind the planesman, watching the depth-gauges and the hydroplane tell-tales, passing a few quiet flooding and pumping orders to restore the trim, which had been upset by the sudden movement of the crew.

As "Third Hand," I had nothing to do at diving stations unless we were actually attacking a target, when my duty was to work a calculating instrument known as the "fruit machine." So far, however, the captain had not started to attack, so I could concentrate on watching him at the periscope. For a long time he said nothing at all.

At last he snapped the handles shut, ordered "Down periscope, starboard fifteen, steer two-eight-five," then turned to the first lieutenant and said: "Two minesweepers, I think, Number One. Shows we're on the coastal shipping route, all right. There's no point in attacking — we'd only spoil our chance of a better target later on. We'll just keep out of the way and watch."

The tension in the control-room deflated like a punctured tyre. The news that it was "only a couple of minesweepers" rippled through to the ends of the boat, and we settled down to wait until the trawlers had passed.

Nothing more happened for the rest

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Keep straight

FALSIFICATION of financial accounts is rightly regarded as a crime; but no one seems to mind the falsification of life's accounts.

Envy, jealousy, spite, deceit, are all attempts to juggle with emotional balance sheets. No one can be sent to prison for it. But such folly must be paid for with unhappiness.

Emotional crime, like any other sort, does not pay.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

of the day, but our first contact with the enemy had made us feel that something might happen at any time, and there was a sense of increased alertness through the ship when we were due to come up at nightfall.

The most dangerous time for a submarine on war patrol is this moment of surfacing at night. We must wait for complete darkness, and for the last half-hour or so the light has been too bad for the periscope to be of any use, so we have gone deep to avoid accidental collision. For half an hour, therefore, we have been blind, relying on our hydrophone amplifier to give audible warning of approaching vessels. The air in the boat has become pretty foul, and we have a certain amount of discomfort in breathing.

A Dangerous Moment

About twenty minutes before surfacing, the order is passed to "Darken ship." The lights in the control-room and every compartment forrard of it are switched out and replaced by the dimmest of bulbs, so that the captain, the officer of the watch and the look-outs can get their eyes used to the dark.

As we go to our diving stations preparatory to surfacing, the scene in the semi-darkness is dramatic. The men are aware that this is a dangerous moment. Up top it is night; perhaps we have, unknowingly, been detected during the day and a destroyer is up there waiting quietly for us to surface under her nose. The coxswain and the second coxswain watch the hydroplanes with more than their usual concentration; the helmsman is dead on his course; the officer of the watch and the look-outs are ready in their duffel coats and balaclavas, binoculars slung round their necks. The captain comes quietly into the control-room, severe and alert with the responsibility of forethought and decision. He passes an order to the hydrophone operator to make a final careful listening sweep.

As we wait in silence for the answer, we come gently up to periscope depth and the captain has a slow look all round. He does not expect to see anything but blackness, because of the loss of light through the lenses of the periscope, but he might just be able to make out the shape of anything that happens to be very close. However, he sees nothing. The report comes back from the hydrophone operator: "No hydrophone effect, sir."

The captain says "Down periscope. . . . Surface," and climbs up into the tower, followed by the signalman; the two look-outs wait at the foot of the ladder. Amid the roar of compressed air bursting into the ballast tanks, we rise to the surface. The captain flings open the hatch. The air pressure inside the boat, which has built up during the day from minute leaks in the compressed-air pipes, releases itself into the night atmosphere with a gush which raises a small hurricane in the conning-tower, drawing with it a sickening stench of dirty oil from the bilges and cabbage water from the galley, where the cook is preparing the evening meal.

All Right Up Top

The look-outs clatter up the tower after the captain, we stop blowing, and then wait in suspense for the first order down the voice-pipe. We roll gently; it is fairly calm; up on the bridge the captain and the look-outs are searching the blackness. We cannot start the diesels until they are sure there is nothing close enough to hear us.

"Control-room!" The captain's garbled words crackle in the voice-pipe. "Start main engines." And we know it is all right up top. The telegraphs clang as the orders go to the engine-room, and presently the engines roar to life and begin sucking down into the submarine a delicious stream of cool, fresh air which blows away the cobwebs from our sleepy brains. The order is passed for "Patrol routine," cigarettes are lit and the surface watch-keeping rota begins.

We saw those same minesweepers almost every other day after that. In bad visibility they served as a useful check on our navigation. And on about the ninth day they came escorting a large laden barge. It was not a very promising target, but as nothing else had come our way, the captain felt we must do something "to maintain the offensive" and decided to fire two torpedoes at a running depth of four feet.

His order to "Stand by to start the attack" set my heart pounding. I turned to my "fruit machine" and stood by to manipulate the dials as I had been trained to do. The enemy bearing and range were read off the periscope by a petty officer standing behind the captain. My job was to feed these data into the instrument and produce from it the answers that would assist the captain to get into an attacking position and fire his torpedoes at the precise moment.

"These sandwiches are a bit stringy, aren't they ?"

The "Fruit Machine"

The attack developed slowly. The captain's ranges from his frequent periscope observations showed the enemy's speed to be somewhere between six and eight knots. From my settings on the "fruit machine" I could tell that the moment for firing was drawing near; now all my efforts must be concentrated on producing for the captain what was known as the director angle, or in plainer English the "aim-off," to allow for the target's speed and the time the torpedoes would take to reach its track.

Fortunately this was a simple attack, and when the captain asked: "What's the D.A.?" I was able to reply: "D.A. five red, sir," with fair confidence. Then the orders rattled out. "Stand by One and Two tubes. Up periscope. Down periscope. Up periscope. Put me on red five. Stand by. . . . FIRE ONE! . . . FIRE TWO! Down periscope."

As each torpedo was fired in the tube space forrard I felt a sudden increase of pressure on my eardrums and a slight backward lurch as though the boat had momentarily bumped into something large and soft. And then we waited for the bangs, in an almost unbearable tension, imagining the torpedoes racing at forty knots towards the target. Meanwhile we turned to starboard, and the captain had two or three quick looks at his victim. The seconds dragged by.

But alas, there were no bangs. "Sorry, boys, I'm afraid we've missed," said the captain at last, puzzled and angry with himself. It was bitterly disappointing. And now what was the enemy's reaction going to be? At his next look, the captain saw that both the minesweepers had turned in our direction; they had sighted the tracks of the torpedoes, and they were angry.

"Take her down to a hundred feet, Number One, shut off for depth-charging, absolute silence through the boat," he ordered. The depth-gauge needles moved round as we dropped down from periscope depth . . . forty feet . . . fifty feet . . . seventy . . . ninety . . . and then slowed up as the planesman corrected the dive and brought her gently on to 100 feet. Once more we waited for a bang, but this time with somewhat different feelings.

A message came through from the hydrophone operator forrard that he could hear propeller noises astern. Almost at the same moment a sharp crack, as of a giant hammer, struck the pressure hull, followed by an appalling reverberating roar which seemed to echo through all the subterranean ocean caves of the world. To my astonishment the lights stayed on.

"Not very close," said the captain. Not close! As he spoke there was a second mighty crack and again that thundering, rumbling aftermath. And still we suffered no damage. And again we waited. "Faint H.E. on Red 160," came another report from forrard, followed by: "Asdic transmissions on the bearing."

A little while later the captain, listening intently, said: "I think I can hear his Asdic," and presently I, too, heard a faint, slow, regular knocking as though someone was tapping gently on the outside of the hull. I thought of Pew's stick tapping along the road in *Treasure Island*. It was like being shut up in a dark room, with a blind maniac reaching out sinister fingers to find you. Perhaps the enemy had already detected our echo from his transmissions and was even now closing in for the kill.

However, to our surprise, there were no more depth-charges. I was after all to be let off with an easy baptism. At last, after an hour of tedious suspense, we could no longer hear the transmissions, the propeller noises grew fainter astern, and the captain decided to return to periscope depth and see what was going on. With tremendous relief we heard him report that they were well astern of us and appeared to be making for home.

Attacked By Fighter

And for the rest of that patrol we saw nothing more of them. Three days later we received our recall signal. The signal warned us that we might meet *H.49* during the night, on her way out to relieve us, but we did not sight her. We had one more moment of excitement, however.

Approaching the Suffolk coast on the surface soon after daybreak in poor visibility, I was officer of the watch when a German fighter suddenly appeared out of the mist, very low and close. As I gave the order to dive, and the look-outs scrambled down the hatch, the German saw us and began circling to come at us. By the time I was in the hatch myself, we were started on our way down, but he had made his turn and was coming straight for us.

I could hear his engines roaring. As I reached my arm to pull the hatch down over my head he opened up with his machine-guns. I banged the lid down, put the clips on, and tumbled down the ladder to the control-room so fast that there was a roar of laughter when I reached the bottom, badly bruised, with the sound of bullets clattering round the bridge overhead.

We proceeded on our way and finally reached Harwich to revel in hot baths and fresh food. Half of us were given leave; I was one of the lucky ones. I went off to London for four days, and then returned to Harwich to make preparations for our next patrol.

Our departure was fixed for the day after *H.49*'s return. On the morning of the day she was due to arrive I was in the staff office collecting the tables of recognition signals for our patrol period. The only other person in the room was the staff officer. He seemed to be unusually preoccupied, and I became convinced that something serious had happened.

Sister Ship Overdue

As innocently as possible I asked what time he was expecting *H.49* to arrive. He took a long time to reply. "I may as well tell you," he said finally, "*H.49* hasn't turned up at the rendezvous with her escort, and she hasn't replied to any of our signals. She may of course be damaged and her wireless may be out of action. But it doesn't look very good. Only for heaven's sake keep it under your hat for the moment."

By the following evening the continued silence from our sister ship turned fear into certainty. The word was passed for "Clear lower deck" at 18.00 hours and all officers and men from the base and from *H.28* mustered in one of the quayside sheds to be addressed by Captain Submarines.

He said quite simply that he was sorry to have to tell us that *H.49* was overdue and must be presumed lost. He asked us not to mention it outside the base. He was himself going immediately to break the news to any of the wives who were living in Harwich or the neighbourhood. He then went on, to our surprise, to say that in the meantime the sailing of *H.28* had been postponed indefinitely, and that he was waiting for further Admiralty orders concerning our future. Finally he thanked us, and we were dismissed.

Jock and I went off for a long walk. I felt very cold and dead inside, and we hardly spoke. We thought of Dearden, who had been in our training class. Now—on his second patrol—he was gone.

Off To Sea Again

We lived the next few days in an atmosphere of anti-climax until orders came through that H-class submarines were to cease operational patrols forthwith and join the Seventh Submarine Flotilla, which consisted only of training submarines and was based at Rothesay in the Clyde estuary. Then in April, almost exactly six months after I had joined *H-28*, a signal came ordering me to report to Chatham. Wingfield had asked for me as his Third Hand in *Umpire*.

Mervyn Wingfield was plainly delighted with his new command, though he tried to conceal his pleasure behind a demeanour of severity and icy reserve. The first lieutenant, Peter Bannister, I had not met before; he was tall, energetic and humorous, easy to get on with. Tony Godden, the navigator, had been in the same training class with me at Fort Blockhouse; I was delighted now to find we were in the same boat, for he was a most amusing and endearing shipmate.

Umpire moved out at last into the River Medway on a day towards the end of July, spick and span, full of high hopes, a brand-new White Ensign flying, bound north-about for the Clyde, where we were to carry out sea trials and training at Dunoon, before setting forth on a "working-up" operational patrol in the North Sea. After that, the Mediterranean. We stopped overnight at Sheerness to wait for a convoy of merchant ships leaving the Thames the next morning. In the morning we got under way early and found the convoy congregating off Southend under an escort of motor launches and Admiralty trawlers. We took up our station astern, and by the

time we turned the corner at Shoeburyness the convoy had sorted itself out. All day we moved up the east coast.

About nightfall one of the diesels developed trouble and had to be stopped. At first this did not affect our speed and we continued to maintain our station. But as the evening wore on, the engine-room staff were unsuccessful in their attempts to get the defective engine going, and we were obliged at last to reduce our speed. The captain flashed a signal to the Commodore of the convoy, reporting the situation. An M.L. was detailed to drop back and act as our escort, and we were to catch up as soon as possible.

We knew from the latest wireless situation report that, some twenty miles to the north of us, a southbound convoy was approaching down the same buoyed channel. The two convoys were due to meet somewhere about midnight.

The international rule at sea is that in a channel-way ships must keep to the starboard side of the channel. Ships meeting in a channel should therefore pass *port to port*. It was revealed afterwards that the two convoys passed on the *wrong* side, starboard to starboard. So when Tony Godden, the officer of the watch, presently sent down a message that the southbound convoy was approaching, Wingfield was surprised to find on reaching the bridge that the oncoming convoy was not on our port bow, as he expected, but right ahead, with part of it actually extending across our starboard bow.

Showed No Lights

It was a calm night, very dark, but with reasonably good visibility; lights could have been seen at a fair distance. But as the German E-boats were raiding the east coast convoys nearly every night, no one was showing any lights. Our escorting M.L. had lost touch with us some time earlier. We were alone and almost invisible to other ships.

The normal action would have been to alter course to starboard, but this would have taken us across the bows of the approaching merchant ships and we might not have had room to get clear. Wingfield altered a few degrees to port, and the first six ships of the convoy passed safely down our starboard side two hundred yards away.

Suddenly a dark shape appeared ahead of us, detached from the nearest column of the convoy. Examining it through his binoculars, Wingfield saw that it was a trawler, presumably part of the convoy's escort, and that we were directly in its path. In the next second he realized that it was alarmingly near to us and apparently unaware of our presence.

He had to decide quickly what to do. The trawler was fine on his starboard bow and seemed certain to pass dangerously close. By the rule of the road it was the trawler's right of way and our duty to keep clear. According to the rules, Wingfield should have altered course to starboard, but only 200 yards to starboard was the endless line of southbound merchant ships forming an impenetrable barrier.

Collision Was Inevitable

Wingfield ordered "Hard a-port." But, even as we began to turn, the trawler seemed to see us, low and dark in the water, and turned instinctively to starboard. This made collision inevitable. Wingfield yelled his last order down the voice-pipe, "Full astern together!"—but, before the order could possibly be carried out, the bows of the trawler struck *Umpire* with a sickening metallic crash, some twenty or thirty feet abaft the starboard bow.

The submarine lurched to port, and for a few seconds the two vessels stayed locked together, held by the impetus of the trawler's headway. During these seconds Wingfield clutched the trawler's side as it swung in towards him, and shouted furiously, "You bloody bastard, you've sunk a British submarine!"

NEXT WEEK: We are trapped on the bottom of the sea

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 27 is of Vera Lynn as a child.

The GROCER wins AGAIN!

THRILLING news reached Mr. W. P. Lawrence, a grocer, while on holiday in Cornwall recently. A telegram from home (16 Bedwlwyn Road, Ystradmynach) announced his success in our 791st Crossword—£100 plus £25 Holiday Award. "This is my fourth outright prize in 'J.B.'s' Crosswords," he told us. "I've now captured over £1,000 for solving these puzzles."

Mr. Lawrence's good news came when he was on holiday. But another reader, Mrs. J. H. Mortimer (8 Birchdale Gardens, Chadwell Heath, Romford), returned from holiday to find a £500 welcome—her First Prize (Competition No. 1,836) for this *Bullet*: IN THE WORLD'S GARDEN—ONLY "FAIRIES"—INDUSTRY, ENTERPRISE!

Follow these readers to success. In Crosswords you can win £100 plus £25 holiday for answering fifteen Clues. In *Bullets*, a few well-chosen words can bring you £1,000 as the Tournament winner. Why not try *both* Contests?

FINE SUMMER PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues — **XWORD 800**

1. Entertainment provided here is likely to draw people from similar places
3. One may make nothing of mountains
4. Good one may make a lot of difference to finances of football club
6. When champion does this he does it in the limelight
7. May be caught nibbling
10. Many people can't afford the money for
12. You can rely on village team being this
13. Fair deceiver's may lure a poor man on

Down Clues

1. This of speedway star will thrill many a fan
2. Most people could give you the names of four or five
3. The course which the majority of people prefer
5. There are players who do this after a long run
8. Wind may play important part in building one up
9. No one can reasonably mind you laughing at
11. Can be affected by inequalities in ground

£100 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS

£25 SEASIDE HOLIDAY

(If prize shared, £25 Holiday Cash similarly divided)

AWARDS VALUE £25

amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

50 SURPRISE PARCELS

containing 20 extras to help fill your larder—one Parcel with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over.

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES — one for each 2nd Runner-up

£100 AND HOLIDAY WON—XWORD 795

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Bats. 2, Cough. 5, Ass. 7, Pears. 8, Will. 11, Tip. 12, Tare. 13, Pines. DOWN: 1, Barrow. 3, Order. 4, House. 6, Bold or Wold. 7, Peony. 9, Hit. 10, Lass.

OUTRIGHT WINNER OF £100 PLUS £25 HOLIDAY AWARD: J. A. Blundell, 2 Stanhope Grove, Beckenham, Kent.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 5 entrants each of whom receives Summer Surprise Parcel in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

WIN £100 and HOLIDAY with this COUPON

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated September 6.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

1S		O	2R	E		3M	A			
		4W	I	N		E	R		5	
I	S					A	C	T	A	
6L	O		E	S				R	N	
L	N		R	E			7	A	T	
	G	A	S		8			D		
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U	R	N		O	N	E		S	U	
L	I		S	W	E	L	L			
12L	O		A	L	800	13L	I		S	

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
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(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **800** Closing Postmark MON., AUG. 25

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£1,000 CASH

MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS in "JOHN BULL'S" AUGUST TOURNAMENT

The most meritorious of the First Prize *Bullets* in Contests 1,846, 1,847, 1,848, 1,849 and 1,850 will bring its sender £1,000 CASH—a £500 First Prize plus £500 Tournament Award.

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£50, £25, £10, £9, £8,

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50 "Bullets" Seasons value 10s.

1,500 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS

"3-DINNER" BONUSES

Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

The New German
Formula For Peace
Struggling To Live
Mother Nature
Across The Frontier
Hits Home
It Seems Fantastic, But
Planning
Woman At The Wheel
With Money To Spare
Being Obstinate
Cut The Cackle And
Behind His Back
The Star Boarder
Nervous As A Kitten
In Dad's Shed
After Midnight
Mangled
Harmless Amusement
In The Naughty Nineties

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions above

Something We .....
When.....Woke Up
Nowhere Near .....
Alone In Her.....
The Complete.....
All.....Thinks About

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bulletts" 1,848 (or Xword 800) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated September 13, and in JOHN BULL dated September 20), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

"Bullets" Winners 1,843

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Swiss or Riviera Holiday for Two: Mrs. E. Sharpe, 60 Swyncombe Avenue, Ealing, W.5:

Took A Bit Of Slapping *And* Patting, "Modelling" Sonny

£50: R. G. Patterson, "Gwynfa," Wern, Rhosesmor, Mold: THE STORK—"PIGEON-HOLED"? REMEMBER, *Youth* "FLIES"!

£25: D. Morris, 147 Arabella Street, Cardiff: A STEP FORWARD—WAGES *And* PRICES "STANDSTILL."

OTHER AWARDS. £10: A. Shepherd, 5 Church Street, Dronfield, Nr. Sheffield: TOOK A BIT OF SPADEWORK—TO MAKE RUT "RUNWAY." £9: A. E. Seal, 5 Wessex Road, Ringwood: BASKING IN THE SUNSHINE—FORGETTING *World's* "DARK SPECTACLES." £8: F. Jenkins, 73 St. Michael's Avenue, Wembley: CAPTURED HER HEART—THAT SMILE—"HOLD IT"! £7: R. Rowland, 37 St. Jude's Road, Englefield Green: DID ME A KINDNESS—BAD PATCH—"DIGGING DEEPER"! £6: H. A. Hope, 106 Helen Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne: THE STORK—MADE OUR "STORY," "FAIRYTALE." £5: D. Mackey, 23 Cambridge Street, Wolverton: TOOK A BIT OF TIME—OFF, VOTING AGAINST OVERTIME! £5: A. Williams, 6 Limes Avenue, Standish, Wigan: FULL OF IDEAS—GOOD—*Fulfilling* IDEAS, BETTER!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *"Bullets" Bulletin*.

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